THE NATION

MAY 19, 1962 . . 25c

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Campus Causes: 1962

INTEGRATION

and

SURVIVAL

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LETTERS

Everyman's Eichmann

Adolf Eichmann's death sentence is now on appeal, and a decision is expected within the next few weeks. Should he be executed? In "Eichmann and Ourselves," which appeared in The Nation *of Aug. 20, 1960, sociologist Stuart Palmer suggested that the Nazi war criminal be given life imprisonment and "studied carefully in the context of his cultural and social background.... [Such an] attempt would be of symbolic importance." But Hans Meyerhoff, teacher of philosophy at the University of California and the editor of* The Philosophy of History in Our Time, *sees the symbolism of the Eichmann case in quite another framework, as the following attests.*—EDITORS.

Dear Sirs: Now that we have come to the last act, what remains to be said? Nothing, it seems, that has not been said too often. Millions of words for millions of lives: a spectacle in a glass cage followed breathlessly—and forgotten. And what remains to be done?

The execution: Eichmann will hang. How could it be otherwise? There are those who say this is wrong; but the case of Eichmann has long ceased to be a matter of right and wrong—if it ever was. For he is not a case. He is a symbol. Thus either his death is a symbolic act beyond the machinery of justice mobilized to justify it—or it is nothing. Saving his life now is a meaningless gesture mocking the trial and degrading Eichmann: he would become a showpiece for the rest of his life. Yet hanging him is not enough. There is the rub and the root for soul-searching.

Why? Because hanging him is a waste, not a symbolic sacrifice. In the glass cage Eichmann was a curiosity—a monstrous bedbug in the disguise of a human being; at the gallows he will be nothing but a common criminal with a noose around his neck, forgotten even before he is dead. For who remembers the trial now? And what have we got when the hanging is done? Nothing. Perhaps another spasm of organized excitement; more likely, a sense of relief that it is all over. At last we are through with Eichmann and the six million. We have had enough of them. Hanging him will not save their memory. It's a stupid waste. (Better to have shot him down in the streets of Buenos Aires; better because more fitting.)

Something must be done to save *them*—not him. I have heard it suggested that Eichmann means *"Ichmann"*; that is "I, man" or Everyman. Whether true or not, let it be so! Let Everyman go to the gallows because Eichmann is guilty. That makes symbolic sense; for who is not guilty in the death of the six million and who would escape a hanging if he got what he deserved?

So let him have his death which belongs to him. Let's forget about Eichmann and remember the six million he helped to kill. Let the day of his hanging be a Day of Remembrance in Jewish history. Let the day be saved for posterity, a memorial to destructive fury and deliverance, a Passover in our own time. Let us gather as Jews in Israel and throughout the world—yes, let Israel consecrate the ritual on the day of his death: let us come together, march to the Tomb of the Unknown Jew, light a collective candle, and remember the dead in silence and sorrow. Let his death bear witness to our faith in life. HANS MEYERHOFF

Berkeley, Calif.

Teachers for Integration

Dear Sirs: This is to announce the inception of Teachers for Integrated Schools. The following seven sentences state the philosophy of our organization:

We believe that the best possible education can only take place in integrated schools.

We know that education under segregated conditions is a travesty on the very idea and purpose of education.

We will work for and with every group which is seeking to bring about integration in the Chicago Public Schools.

We are in favor of any moral means which can be used to bring about integration in the Chicago Public Schools.

We shall present in every way possible our unique professional observations and information to the public, to parents and to other teachers.

We will work for the integration of faculties in the Chicago Public Schools.

If other similarly interested groups exist, we hope that they will contact us so that we may be of mutual help. We would especially like to hear from school systems which have made successful efforts to integrate. Our address: 1424 North Orleans St., Chicago 10, Ill.

JOHN J. WALSH, President
Teachers for Integrated Schools

Spoke Out of Turn?

Dear Sirs: The Nation in its editorial about the American Committee for France and Algeria in your issue of

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1962
VOLUME 194, No. 20

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Military Scientists

Military engineers we are used to; they have practiced their art since the first catapult hurled a stone at the ramparts of a besieged city. But the military scientist is essentially a new breed that first came into prominence in the operational research of World War II and now threatens to dominate all scientific activity and to suppress anything that interferes with its ethnocentric objectives. These neo-scientists, working hand in glove with equally tribal politicians, differ in several respects from the classical scientists. They are responsible to no one, since anything they certify as being in the national interest will be acceptable to their political allies. Nor can their mistakes be checked, since government and press connive to conceal them.

The fifth French atomic blast shows how the new military science system works. This was an underground shot in the Sahara testing ground. It took place on May 1; the French did not announce it till May 7. It was detected, after the seismic interval corresponding to the distance, in the United States, but in deference to the silence of the French, the American authorities were likewise silent. Another reason, it may be surmised, is that the American authorities were not over-eager to admit that they could detect a small or medium-sized underground shot so easily. A few years ago, a possible test-ban agreement could have been reached if it had not been balked by the insistence of war-minded U.S. scientists on a fantastically complex detection system, including stations on the far side of the iron curtain. The evidence that any nation can detect nuclear explosions with stations on its own soil is accumulating, but since this is the Soviet stand, it is not a theory which can be respectably held in the United States.

The British scientists have more freedom. *The Nation* editorial (May 12), "Now the Rainbow Bomb," refers to the anger of the British scientific community over the proposed U.S. megaton shots in and above the ionosphere. Sir Bernard Lovell, head of the Jodrell Bank radio astronomy station and a close cooperator of our space scientists in satellite tracking, continues his objections in the May 6 London *Observer*. Recounting the disruptive effects of the Project Argus tests of one or two kilotons in the South Atlantic in 1958, Lovell asks what a megaton — a thousand times the power — will do. "The Americans," Lovell says, "may have data which will remove these doubts and which will convince the international scientific community that the effects will be temporary. If so, they should produce the information before they make this sledge-hammer blow at the radiative environment of the earth." He blames a "small group of military scientists, unknown and unidentified to the world at large, who have persuaded their masters to make a series of huge gambles under the guise of defensive necessity." He points out further that these gambles are in conflict with the resolutions of the International Astronomical Union, subscribed to by both the United States and the Soviet Union, "which maintains that no group has a right to change the earth's environment in any significant way without full international study and agreement. . . ." If our leaders wish to show that our vaunted moral superiority is not a mere propaganda device, they will take heed.

Rebels Without a Cause

In castigating the New Jersey physicians who threaten to boycott elderly patients if the King-Anderson (health care for the aged) bill should become law, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Abraham A. Ribicoff made one good point and missed another. He revealed that the Point Pleasant Hospital and the Fitkin Memorial Hospital in Neptune, where the protests originated, had received $527,246 in federal funds under the Hill-Burton Act for building purposes. "These doctors," said the Secretary, "apparently believe it is all right for the federal government to help build the hospitals in which they practice, but an insurance plan that would help their patients pay their hospital bills would not be good."

He could have added that the embattled doctors had no cause of action that would be recognized in a court of law, and that if they actually brought the threatened boycott into play they would lay themselves open to damage suits which might run into the millions. The reason is that the King-Anderson bill does not provide for federal payment of physicians, as is widely believed, but only for federal payment, in part, of hospital and nursing home care for the aged, as in current privately administered hospital insurance plans. The trouble with these plans is that they are too expensive for many of

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the elderly citizens now living on Social Security, and provide no coverage for a prolonged illness. This defect the King-Anderson bill seeks to remedy. Interns and house physicians, and the few specialists, such as pathologists and radiologists, who may be on the hospital payrolls, would receive part of their pay from federal appropriations, but they are not the ones who are protesting or threatening. The agitators are the private physicians who make arrangements for admission of patients to the hospitals in which they practice. Their "socialized medicine" phobia has deranged their understanding and even their powerful acquisitive instincts, for if the elderly patients get help with their hospital room and board, they will have a better chance to pay their physicians.

The proposed boycott involves legal risks which would drive a sane lawyer into a panic far more soundly based in reality than the panic of the doctors. Assume that the King-Anderson bill has passed and Social Security is paying part of the hospital charges of patients over sixty-five. An elderly patient has a stroke or heart attack. The ambulance rushes him to the hospital. His family summons their regular physician, a passionate foe of anything that looks to him like socialized medicine. Discovering that the patient has passed the age of rugged individualism, the outraged healer refuses treatment. The first court test of this behavior will be fascinating indeed.

Feet of Clay

The Pulitzer Prizes for letters this year were distinguished almost solely by the absence of an award for biography. Two books were prominently considered by the advisory board: *Sinclair Lewis* by Mark Schorer and *Citizen Hearst* by W. A. Swanberg. The second was chosen; but, apparently at the eleventh hour, the trustees of Columbia stepped in to veto the decision.

Columbia is maintaining an embarrassed silence on the matter, but one assumes that the action of the trustees reflected their opinion, not of Mr. Swanberg, but of Mr. Hearst. The charter under which the prize for biography is given states that the book should be "a distinguished biography or autobiography teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people, illustrated by an eminent example." The trustees could understandably have felt some awkwardness in fitting this mantle to the shoulders of William Randolph Hearst, though an ironic eye might see in his life a most eloquent lesson in where power leads when it is totally devoid of patriotic or unselfish motives.

The terms of the prize, however, raise some larger points. Splendid men do not always provide as instructive or entertaining biographies as do rogues; should our best biographers be discouraged from portraying the black sheep because Columbia will withhold the palm? Further, a scanning of the Pulitzer Prizes for the last forty-odd years suggests that biographers may be running short of sufficiently eminent saints.

The proper study of mankind is man, and it has never been widely held that this refers only to paragons. It would be interesting to know whether the advisory board passed over Mr. Schorer's book because it thought his subject insufficiently edifying. The scholarly excellence of *Sinclair Lewis* is manifest; and the central importance of its hero, both as critic and as victim of one era in American cultural history, is acknowledged by everyone not color-blind to the strands of the nation's experience. Of course, Lewis led an untidy life; so did U. S. Grant, who, by the way, has not as yet been the subject of a Pulitzer Prize biography.

The Girls at Vassar and the Boys at Yale

Sarah Gibson Blanding, president of Vassar College, involuntarily made the front page of the May 8 New York *Herald Tribune* with a speech which she delivered on April 4 at a compulsory assembly of the 1,450 young women who attend the Poughkeepsie campus. The miraculous longevity of the address is accounted for by the fact that it dealt with an ageless topic: sex. Miss Blanding warned her charges that extra-marital sexual relations and excessive drinking would not be tolerated, that Vassar stands for the traditional mores and standards of "decent" personal conduct, and that any student who transgressed had better withdraw voluntarily before she was expelled. Miss Blanding was applauded by more than a dozen letters from parents.

The *Herald Tribune* indicates that Miss Blanding began her address by condemning extra-marital sexual relations and then proceeded to threaten the promiscuity among her wards, and finally extending her ultimatum to the campus lushes. Miss Blanding is old and worldly enough to know that while sex, promiscuity and drunkenness may go together, more frequently they don't. Suppose the girl has one lover and one only and never allows liquor to touch her lips, but nevertheless the Campus Committee on Un-Vassar Activities tracks her down, is Miss Blanding going to throw the book at her? Or would she follow the wise dictum of William J. Gaynor, probably the best mayor New York ever had, that all society has a right to demand is "outward order and decency"?

One may sympathize with Miss Blanding up to a point. Although most of her students have been going out with boys since they were ten, a majority of them are legally minors. The college is responsible for maintaining generally accepted standards of public decorum and good taste. But it is hard to find an answer to the editorial printed in a campus paper, the *Vassar Miscellany News*, which argues that if Vassar is not to recognize that there can be "many" decent moral codes, if

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it is to be turned into the "Poughkeepsie Victorian Seminary for Young Virgins," the change of policy should be made clear and explicit in the admissions catalogue. It may be added that there is always something ludicrous in the spectacle of the middle-aged lecturning the young in such *ex cathedra* fashion. It inclines one to side with the student who said: "What I may do in private and discreetly is entirely my own concern." Right or wrong, that girl has character, and the chances are that she will be a credit to her family and her college.

Good for the UAW!

It is not too difficult to get a group of intellectuals together to inveigh in print against those who trample on civil liberties in the name of Americanism. Such pronunciamentos are laudable indeed, but their efficacy is limited. When a powerful union says the same things without pulling punches, it may portend a change for the better in the political climate. This year's UAW Resolutions Committee has performed a notable service in this respect. The seventh resolution declares that "the House Un-American Activities Committee continues as the living symbol of discredited McCarthyism. . . . We call for the abolition of the Committee." The ninth resolution opposes "government harassment of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. The UAW joined in the expulsion of Mine-Mill from the CIO and we oppose Mine-Mill policies today. But the . . . proceedings against Mine-Mill before the Subversive Activities Control Board is an assault upon the rights of free speech and free association of all unions. . . ." Other resolutions commend Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy for insuring that applicants for passports will be accorded the right to confront their accusers, support clemency for Junius Scales, oppose deportation for past membership in the Communist Party, and oppose censorship of the mails in the guise of excluding foreign Communist propaganda. If other unions can summon up the same courage, the cause of American democracy will be greatly served.

Campus Causes: '62

INTEGRATION AND SURVIVAL

The Nation *started its periodic surveys of American campus thought on March 9, 1957, with "The Careful Young Men." This was followed by "The Class of '58 Speaks Up" (May 17, 1958) and "Tension Beneath Apathy" (May 16, 1959). Since an election year is an unsatisfactory time in which to survey anything except candidates' chances, the series was interrupted in 1960. It was resumed last year with "Rebels with a Hundred Causes (May 27).*

This issue, then, is the fifth of the series.

It is always dangerous to characterize a symposium in a few lines, but this much can be said of the American Campus '62: (1) except in the South, the "rebellious" spirit seems to be spreading more rapidly among graduate students and faculty than among undergraduates; and (2) the "hundred causes" seem to have narrowed down to two major ones, integration and survival (no cause for dismay, surely; the two are enough to keep campuses busy for a long time to come).

—The Editors

Weekend at Oberlin . . *Rennard C. Davis and Bruce L. Payne*

WHILE an estimated 7,000 college students were descending on Fort Lauderdale during the weekend of April 13, 14 and 15, 170 student leaders met at Oberlin College in the first national conference of campus political parties. The two gatherings represented both sides of contemporary student life in America: the seemingly unconcerned, yet actually bored and frustrated, majority; and that tiny minority of the concerned and articulate that optimists have been pleased to term the "student movement."

The Oberlin conference suggested that optimism may not be entirely groundless. Three students from Maryland, hearing of bad weather in Florida, and apparently mistaking the intent of a conference on "parties," changed their vacation from Lauderdale to Oberlin. A weekend of discussion and debate convinced them that they should try to build a political party on their own campus. A reporter from a national

RENNARD C. DAVIS, a student at Oberlin College, was formerly chairman of the Progressive Student League on that campus; BRUCE L. PAYNE is a student and an officer of the National Student Association at the University of California (Berkeley).

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magazine, skeptical by profession, left the conference Sunday wearing buttons reading "Abolish HUAC" and "Ban the Ban" (a reference to the prohibition of Communist speakers at the University of California).

CAMPUS political parties made their appearance in the earliest stages of the revival of vocal discontent among students in the last years of the 1950s. They include such relatively well-known groups as California's SLATE and Michigan's VOICE. Rejecting the traditional trivial, or "sandbox," activities of student governments, all such parties, however divergent their political attitudes, have felt the necessity to increase student involvement in state and national politics and to give students a greater role in campus policy-making.

The delegates to the Oberlin conference fell into three fairly well-defined groups: (1) the "elite," leaders of the better-known campus parties and national student organizations who were acquainted with one another from previous national student political activity; (2) the "partisans," who were committed to the idea of campus parties and student political concern, but who had had little contact with students beyond their immediate campus; and (3) the "interested," who came to listen, like the Maryland students referred to above, or who were representatives of intense but limited-purpose groups like the Student Peace Union.

THE conference brought out the many differences between today's political student and his counterpart of the 1930s. Foremost among these is the absence of any coherent or dogmatic ideology. Speakers reiterated a concern for the building of political communities, and for the development of "alternatives" in American politics. Many, like former SLATE chairman Aryay Lenske, saw campus parties as "building the institutional framework which will make possible future social change." But there was little agreement as to what such change should be. Student activism is still based largely on discontent with the existing state of American and campus life, and its major struggle has been to re-establish the legitimacy of political interest and activity on the campus.

The conference confirmed, however, that this implies no inability to act in concrete political situations outside the campus. News of the impending descent of the House Un-American Activities Committee on Los Angeles led to the formation of a national committee, separate from the conference, which called on all American students to hold demonstrations of protest against the hearings on April 25. Plans were also formulated to bring political pressure on the HUAC Congressmen to cancel the hearings. Student opposition to the committee stems not only from a regard for civil liberties, but from a concern for the California political situation, where Governor Brown, who gave his "absolute and unqualified support" to the conference, is running for re-election.

ALMOST all observers admitted to being "swayed," if not convinced, by what they termed the "sophistication," "maturity and responsibility" and "intellectual power" of the delegates. Yet such persuasive power may be attributed less to the intrinsic ability of the student leaders than to the attractiveness of their effort to replace the emptiness and isolation of American student and civic life with a broader political sensitivity and concern. The importance of that effort in a mass age, which perhaps led such national political figures as Governor Brown and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt to give moral and financial support to the conference, was expressed in not-too-sanguine terms by one delegate who urged the importance of campus parties as providing "some hope of leading American students to face their responsibilities in a society where citizenship is in danger of losing its meaning."

State of the Campus: 1962 . . *by Robert Martinson*

I feel about me an ambient insanity, a social malaise which must be opposed.—Editor, The Michigan Daily

BEFORE his death, C. Wright Mills admonished American students to follow the example of their fellows abroad by acting as a self-conscious "elite" with a mission to transform the nation.

The rising wave of sit-ins, Freedom Rides, anti-HUAC actions, peace demonstrations and the rapid growth of national youth organizations—though wildly exaggerated by anxious adult partisans—does indicate a political awakening which may markedly interfere with that "promising form of child therapy" which Christopher Jencks warns is still the ideal for most American parents.

Student action is thoughtful and informed. A new rash of literate campus political journals centered in graduate life already influences undergraduates and even junior faculty. Although there are few heroic adult figures, there is a quickening interest in such as Erich Fromm, Norman Thomas, Linus Pauling, Martin Luther King, Jr., and—among the anti-statist rebels—Barry Goldwater, William Buckley, Jr., and the novelist Ayn Rand.

Alienation from the big society and an intense desire for meaningful commitment are inextricably tangled. Both emotions are reinforced by the barely concealed apprehension of the adult world, which for the most part fails to understand and brutally exaggerates the superficial. Student stirrings are often met with a churlish neo-McCarthyism or "supported" with wistful superiority by those who point in no direction since they are going nowhere.

Except in the South, the political student is left adrift unless he "interferes" too markedly in the big,

ROBERT MARTINSON majored in sociology at the University of California.

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"off-campus" questions. The present political impasse offers few avenues for adult involvement and turns the student inward, where his thoughts may dwell on a Utopian student *communitas*. He often exercises his blocked desire for real politics on the benign indifference of a research-dominated faculty or, as at Berkeley, transmutes a neutral figure like Clark Kerr into a central political target.

HAVING no vital adult sponsorship, the present campus unrest differs markedly from the ideological "movement" of the thirties. Spontaneous and immediate in his desire for action at all costs, suspicious of "world-historical" theories, quite knowing about social structure, the student, ironically, is often given to naive bursts of moral indignation and severely ethical strictures about even the mildest follies and compromises of the adult world. Indifferent on the whole to the call of organized religion, he seeks an outlet for the "whole man" and often resents the human insignificance of much present-day education.

"Direct action" may become an easy substitute for clear political goals instead — as in the South — of an excellent method for attaining them. Central to student strategy in the South, civil disobedience hardly appeals to the great American public (which, of course, may be shrugged aside by many young people vexed by the "military metaphysic" and the "crackpot realism" of men in high places). American politics may be a cold, disturbing fact, but it cannot be circumvented.

In the absence of progress in integration, the young Negro may turn to the religious pseudo-community of the Muslims. Just so, in the absence of a major realignment in American politics, this compressed student energy may be diverted into vicarious thrills over the audacious "beard" and the Cuban state-party regime or some other political dead end.

The student wishes to "graduate" into society, but society won't cooperate. In fact, except for the South, the forces hindering a meaningful "graduation" have increased during the past few decades.

The Great University

American students still remain in their comfortable ghetto, apart from the political process.—Philip Rieff.

Impelling much student action today—especially in the large graduate academies—is the growth in social power of the giant university, and its sharp separation from the culture of the standard American community.

In a society of huge corporations bent on profit-making, the university is an island-universe of a markedly different type. Topped by a "liberal" administration much akin to the ranking executives of trusts, funds, insurance companies and foundations, the university is closely involved in society, yet reflects the position of "new men of power" who manage a new kind of academic "factory" wedded to research institutions, government contracts and a complex social technology.

Quite visible political struggles occur over university policy, but the regents are often split into factions and attempt to gain support for their views by making political alliances with outside forces, or with factions within the administration or faculty. (This was a clearly visible process during the oath controversy at Berkeley.) Students may become a vital factor in this process, especially if there is a fine balance in the upper echelons. Simple administrative fiat is replaced by delicate political jockeying and the administration often veers in the wind, reacting to pressures like a fluttering sail.

Culturally, every major university is an island of "liberalism" in a sea of wildly fanciful community suspicion. William Buckley of the *National Review* made a politico-literary career out of this fact and it has since become faith for the doctrinaire rebels of the neo-conservative stripe. The "liberal Establishment"—as the ultras belligerently call it—is more removed from the pieties of American life than the student, the graduate more than the undergraduate, the university student much more than the parentally-controlled inmates of the "terminal" colleges, and so forth.

Hence, in the big picture, it is far from the mark to see students in general as an independent "political class." (After all, a kindergarten mite of five is also a "student.") Something called public education is becoming practically universal in modern America. (In California, for example, there are now four state colleges and over sixty "community" colleges for those interested in framing a degree.) Schools are bursting with housewives, greybeards, dilettantes, minor poets and that characteristic new figure, the perpetual student (often described as a graduate who doesn't want to leave home). The terminal college now replaces the dole as a means of lifting the burden of disciplining unemployed young people unable to compete in today's narrow job market.

"Student" is a quite neutral and temporary function in affluent America, a particular non-productive role in relation to the economy—something one *does* for a while rather than anything one *is*. No "elite" this, but a necessary and quite subordinate layer in the big structure, lacking contour, self-consciousness or independence.

Only in the great graduate institutions has the "student" become an important political factor, at least in the North. And a quite special variety of student is involved.

New World of the Graduate

An expanding group of young adults has quietly grown up within the university as a permanent fixture since the influx of ex-GI and Korean War "proletarians" invaded the sacred precincts after World War II.

Often married with children, grubbing along on scholarships, odd jobs and university pittances, the graduate student, long unappreciated, is now showing his political teeth. Scholar, teacher and apprentice, this jack-of-all-trades often leaves the "grind" in disgust for the flesh-pots of the corporate world only to return "home" again unburdened of the rosy image many undergraduates affix to the university, the faculty or the world in general.

In 1940, there were slightly over 100,000 graduate students. Today there are over 250,000, over half of whom are centered in that Kafka-like atmosphere which follows Ph.D. candidacy. Certain sections of this

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Magazines Published by Young People

For the benefit of Nation *readers who want the opportunity to hear young American intellectuals speaking for themselves, we append a partial list of major magazines now being published by students or junior faculty members at various campuses.*—EDITORS.

Political and General

Cambridge 38: 52 Dunster St., Cambridge 38, Mass.

Alternatives: 604 E. Mumford Dr., Urbana, Ill.

Albatross: Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.

Awareness: 6640 University, Chicago 37, Ill.

Nightshade: Box 158, Storrs, Conn.

A Liberal Light: 3120 S.W. 26th St., Miami, Fla.

The Activist: 63 East Lorain, Oberlin, Ohio

New University Thought: 909 East 55th St., Chicago 15, Ill.

New University News: 909 East 55th St., Chicago 15, Ill.

Reed: Box 43, Tulane Station, New Orleans, La.

The Phoenix: University of Chicago, Chicago 37, Ill.

Our Generation Against Nuclear War: 911 St. James St. West, Montreal 3, Canada

Comment: Harvard University, Kirkland C-21, Cambridge 38, Mass.

Studies on the Left: Box 2121, Madison 5, Wis.

The Fat Abbott: c/o Jay Keyser, 278 Central Ave., Needham Heights, Boston 94, Mass.

Advance: Quincy House C-100, Cambridge 38, Mass.

New Freedom: Box 664, Ithaca, N.Y.

Warbaby Review: c/o N.B. Press, 603 Quincy House, Cambridge 38, Mass.

Mosaic: 5 Bryant St., Cambridge 38, Mass.

The Lion Rampant: Winthrop E-34, Cambridge 38, Mass.

Adams House Journal of the Social Sciences: Adams C-21, Cambridge 38, Mass.

Yale Political: 211 Park St., New Haven, Conn.

The Root and Branch: Box 906, Berkeley 1, Calif.

The Second Coming: 200 W. 107 St., New York 25, N.Y.

The Brown Review: Box 1826, Brown Station, Providence 12, R.I.

Tocsin News Forum: Quincy House, Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.

Venture: 112 E. 19 St., N.Y. 3, N.Y.

Audit: Box 92, Hayes Hall, University of Buffalo, Buffalo 14, N.Y.

Literary Magazines

Kulchur: 888 Park Ave., New York 21, N.Y.

Artesian: 2223 So. Main Road, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Pharaetra: Lowell House, Harvard University, Cambridge 38, Mass.

core of graduates play a key intellectual and leadership role among Northern students, especially those of a liberal persuasion. (They clearly write, edit and consume the new crop of magazines.) Wide numbers of undergraduates look up to them in the absence of "personalized" faculty attention made quite impossible today by the current mass "lecture" system.

Political Awakenings

A relatively pure example of this process often occurs on many newly touched campuses in the Midwest.

Dorothy Collin dates the "Great Awakening" at the State University of Iowa to the resignation of the *Daily Iowan* editor in 1959 in protest against "censoring" by the publisher. (Resignation is becoming practically a career-stage in the progress of a fledgling campus journalist.) His resignation "touched off a wave" of student activity. "The presence at SUI of many vociferous, liberal and highly articulate graduate students" gave "direction to the Great Awakening." These graduates formed "new organizations" (new to Iowa, perhaps) such as "Congress of Racial Equality, the Student Peace Union, the American Civil Liberties Union and . . . the Socialist Discussion Club." Miss Collin predicts the "Awakened Ones" will "continue to agitate, to wake up people" even though the Midwestern student sees them as "beatniks, political science grad students (rather radical), those bearded odd-balls from across the river, chronic malcontents . . ." and so forth. This has the ring of truth.

The "Awakened Ones" usually receive immediate attention from nervous administrators, campus politicians, Boards of Regents and others, often in the form of censorship, threats of expulsion, diatribes from the floors of legislatures and savage attacks in the conservative press. This deepens the ferment and strengthens the position of the graduates who do not fold easily under pressure and who relish the opportunity to strike back at the "boo-beousie" from their safe perch in the "liberal" university fortress.

IT IS common coin for graduate leaders like Ted Becker (of the Student Association for Liberal Action at Northwestern) to say that graduates evince a "real interest in politics" and "tend to be more liberal than undergraduates" but "don't have much to do with campus activities." It is less commonly remarked (but quite apparent) that graduate "liberalism" is often a public-relations term for a peculiar, academic form of "socialism."

A February 13, 1962, editorial in *The Daily Tar Heel* described what is becoming a familiar feature of graduate life, a "loosely organized discussion group" called "The New Left Club" whose "socio-economic and political views fall somewhere in the vast area 'left of Kennedy,' "—rapidly becoming a vast area indeed. Mostly a graduate club, it "is run by an executive committee . . . drawn from six different fields" at the University of North Carolina. Like similar clubs elsewhere, it has deliberately avoided publishing a "manifesto" for the good and sufficient reason that it numbers "several liberal Democrats, several democratic Socialists and two or three Marxists." (Unless appearances deceive, these latter are a variant of the technological Marxists who edit *Monthly Review, Studies on the Left* and so on.) While temporarily isolated from the "liberal-conservative" strife—a "tempest in a teapot"—these graduates study the "industrialization of the South"

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and Trotsky's *History*, and have in common a "belief in humane values and in egalitarianism"—a formula that would not hold up for a moment on a more political campus.

Even the great State of Texas is not immune to these new moods. Houston Wade (Students for Direct Action, University of Texas) says that "Kennedy is no hero" among his friends, who tend to read *"The Nation, Progressive, New Politics* and *Dissent."* The moment this new, graduate *socialism-of-the-chair* becomes politically active, it divides along organizational axes and undergoes ideological clarification. For the moment, it is an important mood.

The Clamor About Communism

> Oh, Jane. Look. Look and see. See the Communists? Communists are everywhere. Oh, oh, oh.—Art Hoppe.

As Michael Harrington has pointed out, the "great dividing line" for Communist influence was the 1948 Presidential election. The rapid decline of the Young Progressives was capped, in 1956, by the dissolution of the Communist-oriented Labor Youth League. The Khrushchev revelations and the Hungarian revolution were too heavy a burden for young people to carry. Today, Communist organization has recovered to the extent of a carefully written monthly, *New Horizons for Youth,* and a new, catch-all "Progressive Youth Organizing Committee."

The "friendly Communist," Gus Hall, makes few pulses tremble even among pro-Soviet students, who are often sons and daughters of old party loyalists. The party remnant, having expelled its last breath of life along with John Gates, is not regarded as a viable political force by anyone. The political students see this clearly and are rightly revolted at the ridiculous witch hunting still commonly employed against party spokesmen eager to appeal to the serious intellectual curiosity of the young. The Young Peoples Socialist League at Berkeley is leading a "ban the ban" campaign (ban the ban, that is, against speakers for the Left); Art Hoppe's columns are widely reprinted; students recently lifted the ban at City College of New York. In general, political students seem quite incensed by the free credit given to ghostly "Communists" by Hoover and HUAC.

The Campus Spectrum

Recently, several dozen students marched in Austin in support of the Turn Toward Peace Washington demonstration. *The Texas Observer* notes: "Accompanying them were opposition pickets who carried placards advising, 'Pacifism Means Surrender: What Price Life?' 'Freedom Through Nuclear Strength,' 'Neither Red Nor Dead Nor Under the Bed' and 'Repudiate the Pacifists, Dime-Store Nehrus.'" This is Senator Goldwater's "tidal wave of conservatism."

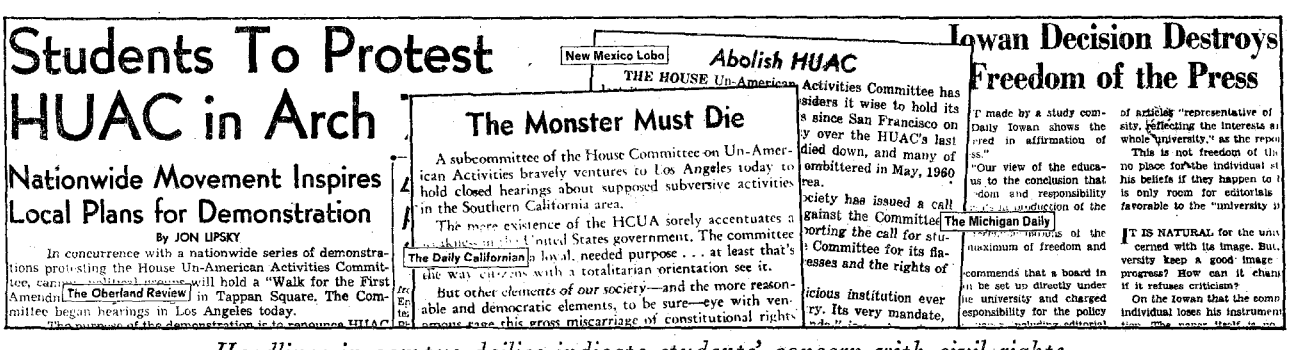
Young Americans for Freedom claims 23,000 members—on 200 campuses—over half from previously existing conservative groups. With heavy big business and military endorsement and financial support from the former, this is a substantial nation-wide organization.

YAF is not a reaction to mass-student radicalization, for polls still place the bulk of students on middle-range campuses in the "moderate conservative" column and YAF has chapters on most of these campuses. A March, 1962, Stanford poll turned up 110 students who marked "conservative," 240 "moderate," 140 "liberal," and 23 "Socialist"—with one "Communist" and one "Fascist" write-in. Campus politico Joe Bell of the University of Colorado says (hopefully?): "Take a certain 150 students away from the campus and there wouldn't be any liberal activity." This (and many other) semi-official opinions, even after correction for bias, reveal a curious gap between the activists in both camps and the student body as a whole.

Of course, certain issues influence nearly all students. Harvey Flad of the National Student Association reports that today's student "reacts violently on civil-rights issues and is interested in the United States' image abroad." In fact, student periodicals follow the Southern struggle with rapt attention and fine detail. The February Washington peace demonstration was also reported accurately and very widely. Of course, student publications are filled with reported violations of academic freedom, censorship matters and "strong" replies to the ultra demagogues and the conservative press.

Even this concern is limited, if growing. A Stanford news release reports: "The growth of political interest at Stanford even in one four-year college generation is marked and apparent . . ." but no one "estimates the proportion of those bestirring themselves very actively at more than 20 per cent." To those familiar with the "peace strikes" of the thirties, this "political interest" is a rather mild sentiment.

What, then, are the angry young men of the YAF angry about? Certainly not civil rights. Very few students dispute the moral right of the Southern students to nonviolent direct action as a means of attaining freedom. Student disagreement turns on the degree and kind of government intervention. Anti-statist al-


Students To Protest HUAC in Arch

Nationwide Movement Inspires Local Plans for Demonstration

By JON LIPSKY

In concurrence with a nationwide series of demonstrations protesting the House Un-American Activities Committee, campus political groups will hold a "Walk for the First Amendment" in Tappan Square. The Committee began hearings in Los Angeles today.

The Oberland Review

New Mexico Lobo

Abolish HUAC

THE HOUSE Un-American Activities Committee has

The Monster Must Die

A subcommittee of the House Committee on Un-American Activities bravely ventures to Los Angeles today to hold closed hearings about supposed subversive activities in the Southern California area.

The mere existence of the HCUA sorely accentuates a [illegible] United States government. The committee

The Daily Californian

a loyal, needed purpose . . . at least that's the way citizens with a totalitarian orientation see it.

But other elements of our society—and the more reasonable and democratic elements, to be sure—eye with venomous gaze this gross miscarriage of constitutional rights

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The Michigan Daily

Iowan Decision Destroys Freedom of the Press

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Headlines in campus dailies indicate students' concern with civil rights.

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most to the point of anarchism, the young doctrinaires incline to the neo-States'-rights *praxis* of Goldwater, but feel rather vulnerable on this question as revealed, for example, in a recent exchange on Ruth Hagy's *College News Conference* on TV.

> ROBERT SCHUCHMAN (President of YAF): The conservative, I think, as well as the liberal or anyone else believes in the moral correctness of an end to bigotry. . . .
>
> JAMES WECHSLER (Editor, *New York Post*): But you don't think the government should do anything about it.
>
> SCHUCHMAN: If the federal government sends down troops . . . it's the wrong strategy to use. . . . [and so forth].

Of course, YAF doesn't dig Communists speaking on campus, but one hardly needs 20,000 ready rebels to keep Gus Hall separated from a campus soapbox.

Affluence prevents student divisions on employment, welfare legislation and the like, and despite the campus promises of campus political parties, little was ever discussed, much less accomplished, in solving student on-campus problems or interfering in matters of curriculum or teaching methods. (Having converted support of "issues" into an ideology, Berkeley's SLATE exhausts itself in an ideological debate over which "issues" to support, meanwhile forgetting completely about the very on-campus issues for the support of which it was originally created.)

Nor is there serious debate or general interest around questions of labor rights, social legislation or the spate of New Deal measures now firmly fixed in the social landscape. (Although *elitism* flourishes, labor-egalitarianism finds tough sledding, especially among the neo-Marxists of the campus magazines, who are never so conservative as when they are discussing the "revolutionary" character of the Castro regime.) There is little interest in the "poor," the disadvantaged or the unemployed—it is assumed they will be taken care of somehow. (With the exception of unemployed sugar-cane workers, of course.) YAF ritualistically fulminates against the "left-wing Keynesian philosophies of their professors," but most students couldn't raise so much as a yawn about such matters.

The YAF, like the ultra-Right generally, was formed in response to foreign, not domestic, policy. It concentrates on the "fear," as Schuchman puts it, "of inaction, the fear of not understanding the nature of the crisis that faces our time." The YAF's limited "understanding" of this crisis results in the following formula: "A conservative policy at home, a liberation policy abroad." [See Steven V. Roberts article on YAF on page 440 of this issue.]

'Ban the Ban' at Ohio State

Late last month Dr. Novice G. Fawcett, president of Ohio State University, canceled the scheduled appearance on campus of an alumnus, Phillip A. Luce of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, as "not qualified to contribute to the intellectual growth of this university." Students and faculty alike reacted sharply. "Student and faculty rights have been violated," said the *Lantern*, student publication. Five hundred students held a rally to protest the ban.

Student Body president James Gross argued that "students of this campus are . . . capable of deciding for themselves which views they should hear and which they should accept." George Hochfield, Assistant Professor of English, charged President Fawcett with having "arbitrarily denied students . . . an opportunity to examine and explore controversial issues." Dr. Eric Solomon, also of the English Department, said: "We had a speaker and a rule and the rule was abrogated." And the Ohio State chapter of the American Association of University Professors called for an investigation of Fawcett's action by the national body.

But not everyone on campus decried the ban. Woody Hayes, Ohio State's famous football coach, opposed any investigation. And, off campus, ex-Senator John Bricker declared that students and faculty members who didn't like the university administration's stand on controversial issues could go elsewhere.

New Tensions and Divisions

The "liberal-conservative" spectrum fails to account for what is new and at issue on the campus.

In fact, a graduate-dominated "New Left" with socialistic sympathies, faculty toleration and administration neutrality, shadow-boxes with a doctrinaire rebellion from politically active young people whose primary base is *outside and beyond* the university. As a whole, the students are unmoved by this narrow conflict, since their fundamental interests *as students* are not yet actively solicited by either side, except in universally popular matters like civil rights or academic freedom. The present decline of the campus political party and the rise of national student organizations is a symptom of new tensions and divisions introduced on campus by the political stalemate, by the need to clarify the politics of the burgeoning peace movement, and by new happenings in the South.

Although the formation of YAF was a reaction to a real situation—the world nuclear stand-off—much of its national strength may be explained quite differently. The young American is uprooted from his small-town conservative family complex and transformed into a "junior organization man" capable of taking his place in the world of C. Wright Mills. This shock to his accepted theologies is perpetrated by the great impersonal university through the agency of its graduate-student teaching assistants who—adding insult to injury—taunt him with strange socialistic doctrines, invite Gus Hall to speak and, even more unspeakable, make ribald and contemptuous references to his fraternities! Who wouldn't join the YAF?

If this analysis is even halfway accurate, much of YAF strength is ephemeral and will disappear. After all, it is strange indeed to find the "rebels" in the YAF rather than the YPSL. It is even stranger to find a neo-socialism which adapts to the anti-labor prejudices of graduate *elitism*.

New Winds from the South

Whatever is most alive and fresh in current Northern student politics is but a pale reflection (so far) of

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that "movement of truly massive proportions" which is creating a New South.

A recent Southern Regional Council report recapitulates the essential facts:

> The movement, first begun as a protest against segregated lunch-counter facilities, has, in the year and a half, embraced parks, swimming pools, theatres, restaurants, churches, interstate transportation, libraries, museums, art galleries, laundromats, employment, beaches, and courtrooms.—The Student Protest Movement, September, 1961.

The movement has broadened steadily to include ". . . each Southern and border state, as well as Nevada, Illinois and Ohio. . . . Over 100 cities in the South and in the border states have had sit-ins or other forms of direct action." Pressure on college administrations resulted in dismissal of "at least 141 students and 58 faculty members. . . . An estimated 3,600 students and supporters—in Southern and border states—have been arrested. . . . At least 70,000 Negroes and whites in these states actively participated in some way. . . ." (Contrast: 2,000 in Berkeley; 6,000 in Washington, D.C.)

Of course, there is incessant discussion of strategy—"jail without bail"—and of the need for organization and coordination which finally led to the formation of the Student Nonviolent Coordination Committee (SNCC) in April, 1960. SNCC has "linked together students throughout the South and provided also a channel for student support throughout the nation." (Yet who is discussing what kind of support in the North can be politically effective?)

Blinded by a narrow vision, many have failed to see that student protest in the South is passing over into positive student action to change the landscape. Instead of merely "no" to HUAC and the ban, it may soon become "yes" to mass Negro voter registration.

At a recent three-week seminar in Nashville, both "camps" within SNCC finally agreed to a program "encompassing both mass action and voter registration." Their first efforts in McComb, Mississippi, are now part of history: arrests, jailings, beatings, mass protests, Justice Department intervention and the murder of a Negro by a member of the Mississippi State Legislature.

Having broadened to include the entire South, the movement is now

(Continued on page 456)

Cornell: Campus Close-up . . *by Andrew Hacker*

Ithaca, N.Y.

CORNELL takes some explaining. It is the only Ivy League university containing a college of agriculture, and the fact that crops and livestock have an equal place in the curriculum with moral philosophy adds a democratic dimension unknown at, say, Princeton or Yale. Ezra Cornell proclaimed that he "would found an institution where any student might receive instruction in any subject." That dream was almost realized when Cornell set up its School of Hotel Administration, giving a bachelor's degree for course work in linen-inventory and wine-tasting.

At the same time, Cornell is essentially a New York City school. Although it is 250 miles from Manhattan it has a more metropolitan atmosphere than Columbia. The students, particularly in the College of Arts and Sciences, come largely from the city and its suburbs. No figures are available, but the estimate is that the arts college is almost half Jewish. The faculty, like most faculties nowadays, is no longer the exclusive domain of old-stock Americans; an increasing proportion of the professors come from minority backgrounds. It is not surprising, then, that this metropolitan island in the center of upstate New York's province has experienced a surge of political energy.

The focus for this year at least, has been on nuclear war. (Last year more attention was paid to abolishing HUAC and supporting the Freedom Riders.) In early November sixty-five professors, having observed that Cornell students simply were not talking or thinking about the danger of total war, decided to change that situation. They signed a round-robin letter declaring: "At Cornell we shall announce to our students that instead of holding normal classes on November 17th we shall devote class time to a discussion of global war and nuclear testing." The initial reaction to this proclamation was subdued, the response being that if sixty-five professors wanted to hold a bull-session with their students that was their affair. However the sponsors of the letter went further. They asked the faculty as a whole to pass a resolution establishing November 17 as nuclear-discussion day. An overflow faculty meeting was held and while it was clear that the proposal had more than sixty-five supporters, it did not have enough votes to give official sanction to the plan. The outcome was a compromise: instead of isolated discussions in scores of classrooms, the university would tackle the subject in a proper academic manner.

So a lecture series on the theme of nuclear peril was set up for the winter and spring. The series opened with Cornell's own Hans Bethe, and five distinguished outside speakers were scheduled. Seymour Melman of Columbia, Herman Kahn of the Hudson Institute, Louis Sohn of Harvard, John Coleman Bennett of Union Theological Seminary, and William C. Foster of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency spoke in large halls to steadily diminishing audiences. The trouble was that the roster of lecturers was too distinguished. All of them were academically competent and politically sound. They offered a great deal of analysis but very little in the way of program — which is what many of the students and professors wanted to hear. It is not inconceivable that spokesmen from

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SANE or the *National Review* could have been added, or even that a British unilateralist might have been flown over. But they weren't, and the grand university-wide dialogue envisioned never got started.

FOLLOWING this venture, later in the winter, 147 members of the faculty sent a telegram to President Kennedy. Their petition, like many others coming out of universities at the time, asked him "to terminate this terrible race toward destruction by deciding not to resume nuclear testing in the atmosphere." However, the anti-testing sentiment is not universal among professors at Cornell or anywhere else. Indeed, some fear that the recent plethora of petitions and advertisements originating at universities will give the public the impression that professors are soft-headed about the presumed realities of world politics.

In consequence, another faculty group addressed to the President a letter that he could put in his Cornell folder along with the telegram. This letter referred, somewhat condescendingly and not quite accurately, to those "well-meaning among us whose call for unilateral concession is addressed to the American government, and whose eloquent appeals are such as, if consistently heeded, would weaken us in the face of the Soviet Union's militarism. . . ." The message proceeded to ask the President to do what he thought was right. Its tone, however, suggested the signers' belief that what was right was the resumption of testing.

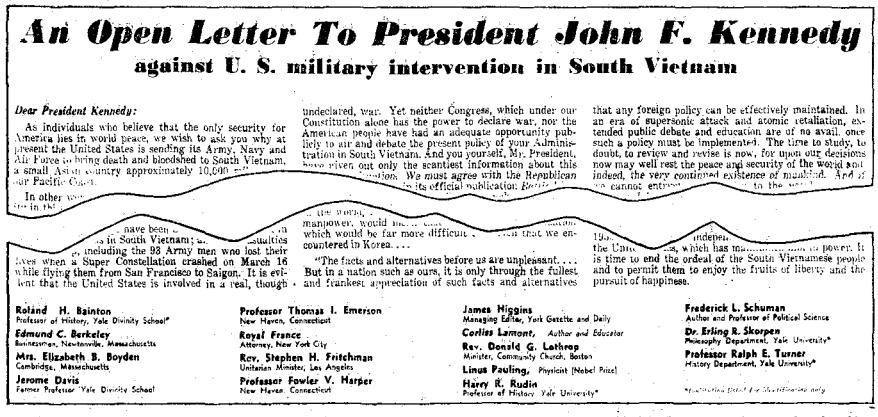
The telegram came mostly from arts college faculty, as might be expected, with the largest groups of signatures from the physics, mathematics, English and allied departments. The opposing letter had strong representation from agriculture, business, engineering and industrial and labor relations. A good many people have commented that the split between theoretical and applied departments carries with it similarly divided political views. The practical professors acknowledge that testing may be "necessary"; those in more contemplative fields refuse to grant that such extraordinary use of destructive power can be considered a necessity under any circumstances.

There is one interesting exception to this observation. (There are other exceptions, but they are not so interesting.) Political scientists, whether at Cornell or elsewhere, almost never sign anti-testing or even anti-fallout-shelter petitions. While the names of sociologists and historians are to be found on the recurrent advertisements, the men who devote their time specifically to the study of government and politics are conspicuously absent. The chief reason for this is that political scientists are strait-jacketed by their own expertise. Better than anyone else, or at least better than their faculty colleagues, they are familiar with the intricate way in which public policy is made. They are hard-headed about the interplay of powerful interests, both domestic and foreign, and they are realistic about the processes by which political decisions evolve. This hard-headedness and realism, which characterize both those who use the new "behavioral" approaches and those who adhere to traditional methods of study, are oriented to the notion of power. It is the business of political scientists to be sophisticated about power. And this worldliness will not permit the naïveté that marks those who believe that peace may be secured through petitions.

CLASSROOM discussions, distinguished lectures and one-shot petitions have, however, been overshadowed by a development that will have longer-lasting and more far-reaching political consequences. This is the organization of a pressure group in the Cornell area called Voters for Peaceful Alternatives.

Founded during this academic year, VPA already has both a platform and a candidate who will run for Congress in New York's 33rd District. The group, which now has several hundred supporters, is taking advantage of a curious but time-honored American tradition. As a nation we do not really like to discuss politics and individuals who intrude such controversy into everyday life are looked on askance. However, during campaign years political debate becomes legitimate. Anyone who gets on a soapbox in April of an odd-numbered year is regarded with suspicion: Why must he stir things up? But our folkways permit such stirring eighteen months later. Therefore the VPA intends to use the 1962 Congressional election campaign as an excuse to talk about peace. Whether the voters of this rural Republican district will lend their ears will be interesting to observe.

The candidate selected to run on the VPA platform is Harrop Freeman, a professor at Cornell's law school. [Harvard University's H. Stuart Hughes, chairman of the



An Open Letter To President John F. Kennedy

against U. S. military intervention in South Vietnam

Dear President Kennedy:

As individuals who believe that the only security for America lies in world peace, we wish to ask you why at present the United States is sending its Army, Navy and Air Force to bring death and bloodshed to South Vietnam, a small Asian country approximately 10,000 miles from our Pacific Coast.

In other words, [illegible] undeclared war. Yet neither Congress, which under our Constitution alone has the power to declare war, nor the American people have had an adequate opportunity publicly to air and debate the present policy of your Administration in South Vietnam. And you yourself, Mr. President, have given out only the scantiest information about this situation. We must agree with the Republican [illegible] in its official publication: *Republican* [illegible] that any foreign policy can be effectively maintained. In an era of supersonic attack and atomic retaliation, extended public debate and education are of no avail, once such a policy must be implemented. The time to study, to doubt, to review and revise is now, for upon our decisions now may well rest the peace and security of the world and, indeed, the very continued existence of mankind. And if we cannot [illegible] to the [illegible]

[illegible] have been [illegible] in South Vietnam; [illegible] casualties [illegible] including the 98 Army men who lost their lives when a Super Constellation crashed on March 16 while flying them from San Francisco to Saigon. It is evident that the United States is involved in a real, though [illegible] manpower, would [illegible] which would be far more difficult [illegible] countered in Korea. . . .

"The facts and alternatives before us are unpleasant. . . . But in a nation such as ours, it is only through the fullest and frankest appreciation of such facts and alternatives [illegible] 19[illegible] the United [illegible] which has [illegible] power. It is time to end the ordeal of the South Vietnamese people and to permit them to enjoy the fruits of liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Roland H. Bainton, Professor of History, Yale Divinity School*
Edmund C. Berkeley, Businessman, Newtonville, Massachusetts
Mrs. Elizabeth B. Boyden, Cambridge, Massachusetts
Jerome Davis, Former Professor Yale Divinity School
Professor Thomas I. Emerson, New Haven, Connecticut
Royal France, Attorney, New York City
Rev. Stephen H. Fritchman, Unitarian Minister, Los Angeles
Professor Fowler V. Harper, New Haven, Connecticut
James Higgins, Managing Editor, York Gazette and Daily
Corliss Lamont, Author and Educator
Rev. Donald G. Lathrop, Minister, Community Church, Boston
Linus Pauling, Physicist (Nobel Prize)
Harry R. Rudin, Professor of History, Yale University*
Frederick L. Schuman, Author and Professor of Political Science
Dr. Erling B. Skorpen, Philosophy Department, Yale University*
Professor Ralph E. Turner, History Department, Yale University*

The increasing involvement of college teachers with political questions is indicated by advertisements such as the above, which appeared in The New York Times *(note signatories).*

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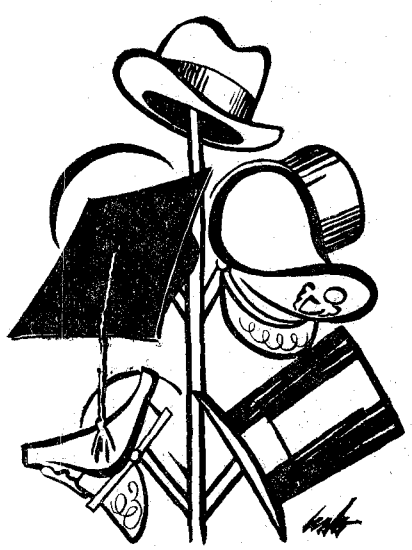
Department of History and Literature, is now seeking the signatures required to run for the United States Senate as an Independent. He is running on a disarmament *cum* civil-liberties platform.—EDITORS] Before he was named, VPA made overtures to the rather moribund Democratic Party organization in the district to see if they could agree on a joint nominee. This fell through, as was probably expected. The regular Democrats of Elmira and Binghamton, hardly centers of advanced political thinking, were not enthusiastic about giving their endorsement to someone who would confine his program to the issue of disarmament. Nevertheless VPA wants the Democratic nomination and Freeman will run in the August 4 primary. A Democratic primary contest is rare in these parts; indeed, the party often has trouble finding even one candidate. The balloting will be in midsummer and the regular organization may find it hard to muster whatever apathetic followers it has to oppose Freeman at the primary. There is a chance, then, that VPA will find itself in at least second place on the ballot in November. It already has the Liberal Party endorsement well in hand.

FREEMAN is an out-and-out pacifist, but he has agreed to run on the blander issue of disarmament. The platform, which was adopted late last month, opens by saying: "We must begin here at home. The decisions about war and peace, today literally decisions of life and death for most Americans, cannot remain outside of public discussion, locked in the secret deliberations of the President and his advisers." It is neither a pacifist nor a unilateralist program. It asks only that the country keep such nuclear weapons as are "clearly required" as a deterrent, and it calls for negotiations leading to reductions in stocks of weapons and ultimately controlled disarmament. Predictably, it goes on to suggest that a war economy can be replaced by a welfare state with resources to promote education, health, housing and peaceful research. So far as Cornell itself is concerned, there is nothing revolutionary about either VPA or its platform. But this is rather rich stuff for the 33rd District as a whole and people are waiting to see what the dairy farmers and Main Street merchants will make of it.

Although VPA is a Cornell creation, it will pick up some support outside the university community. Freeman plans to campaign on a budget of $16,000 and he will probably get this amount, for professors are not ungenerous in parting with their money for good causes. On leave from the law school from July through January, he will be able to travel up and down the four-county constituency. It will probably be the first time that the voters of Horseheads or Catatonk will have heard a serious discussion of arms control, and the idea that disarmament will be proposed in Crum Corner and Big Flats has a charm of its own. These people will vote Republican anyway, but it is Freeman's and VPA's hope that some hands will at least flicker for a split second before they pull down the Row A levers as they always do.

IF THE students were not excited by the nuclear-peril lecture series, there are indications that the VPA campaign is more what they want. Several weeks ago the various liberal groups on the campus amalgamated into a Liberal Union, which now has 300 members. That is large, considering that the arts college, its main recruiting ground, has only 2,800 students. The president of the Union is a quite remarkable freshman named Peter Brandon, who has impressed everyone with both his political sophistication and his organizing talents. His aim is to make the Cornell students "feel for themselves that they can affect the course of events." One way to do this, of course, is to pitch in with Freeman's campaign for Congress. A real test will be to see how many students will be around in July to work in the Democratic primary. One lesson of practical politics they may learn is that workers are needed most at the most inconvenient times.



Both the VPA and the Liberal Union at Cornell have experienced a phenomenon that is common to all protest politics—the problem of organizing like-minded people who differ in depth and direction of conviction. If a group is too radical, it loses all but a handful of true believers. If it is too conventional, it fails to arouse the fervor of those who want to do something about injustice and irrationality. The dilemma can be illustrated by drawing up a scale of views that are currently in evidence:

1. Speed desegregation
2. Increase federal welfare
3. Abandon fallout shelters
4. Abolish HUAC
5. End nuclear testing
6. Admit Red China to U.N.
7. Repeal Smith Act
8. Demand fair play for Castro

VPA, at least, is confining itself to the peace issue, and is avoiding whatever internal disputes would arise were it to consider taking a position on HUAC or China.

How deep the anxieties over nuclear war run at Cornell or on any other campus is always an open question. Students are preoccupied by personal concerns, and if all feel politically powerless most do not speak their fears. The show must go on, as it did last semester when the big event was Fall Weekend, complete with football game, fraternity parties and a formal dance. But this time the theme was "Fall-Out" and jaunty mushroom-shaped clouds hung from the rafters. Hardly anyone commented on this grim piece of cleverness. The expensive band, imported from New York, played amidst the cardboard radioactivity and a splendid time was had by all. That, one occasionally is tempted to conclude, is the way it *will* end.

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Image on the Right . . *by Steven V. Roberts*

ALMOST 18,000 people elbowed their way through assorted picket lines and a deluge of mimeograph paper into Madison Square Garden March 7 to attend a "Conservative Rally for World Liberation From Communism." Sponsors of the meeting were Young Americans for Freedom (YAF), a growing organization whose 25,000 members are divided into 180 campus and "community" chapters. YAF advocates the political philosophy which Senator Barry Goldwater (R., Ariz.) has suggested "could easily become the political phenomenon of our time."

In numbers and noise, the rally was an impressive show. On the speakers' platform were Senator Goldwater, Senator John Tower (R., Texas) and a host of other lights of the "respectable" right wing. Many were recipients of YAF's second annual awards for service to the cause, including Senator Strom Thurmond (the only practicing Democrat in sight); John Dos Passos; L. Brent Bozell, an editor of *National Review;* M. Stanton Evans, editor of the *Indianapolis News;* and Prof. Ludwig Von Mises, a congenial economist.

All did not go smoothly, however. Award-winner Herbert Hoover was kept away by the weather and Moise Tshombe by the State Department. Senator Thomas J. Dodd (D., Conn.) also canceled out, under unusual circumstances. According to a YAF spokesman, the Senator had been invited because he was an "anti-Communist"—which "does not mean he is a conservative." The Senator, however, felt the association would quickly be made, and therefore withdrew. Then there was the case of General Edwin Walker. Desperately fighting to dissociate themselves from the "non-respectable Right," Goldwater and Tower pressured YAF to drop him from the list of award winners. This was done post haste, Senator Thurmond notwithstanding.

Despite these family quarrels, YAF "filled the Garden." In selling 18,000 tickets and receiving nationwide publicity, the organization contributed to its reputation as, in Goldwater's phrase, "the wave of the future." The question of what substance lies behind the movement, however, remains unanswered. And so too, therefore, does the question of what contribution—if any—YAF can make to the political debate within and outside the campus.

THE beginnings of YAF, according to M. Stanton Evans's book, *Revolt on the Campus* (Regnery, 1961), can be traced to the activity of several college students in the Washington area in favor of the loyalty-oath and disclaimer-affidavit provisions of the National Defense Education Act. That was in the spring of 1960. This coalescence of conservative sentiment led two of the youths (Douglas Caddy, now YAF's national director, and David Franke, a director of YAF and an editorial assistant at *National Review*) to form a "Youth for Goldwater for Vice-President" group. After their loud but unsuccessful attempt to nominate the Senator at Chicago, the young conservatives (according to Evans) "determined not to let the conservative momentum die . . . [and] resolved upon a new organization. They would issue a call for a national conference of young conservatives, early in the fall, to hammer out the details."

That sounds spontaneous and youthful enough. But one wonders at the continued presence (and influence) of some not-so-young Americans among these young conservatives. William Buckley, editor of *National Review*, played host to the meeting of about one hundred young people at his home in Sharon, Conn., the weekend of Sept. 11-13 in 1960. Evans himself, so admiring in his book of the youngsters' resourcefulness, himself drafted the "Sharon Statement" of conservative principles —touchstone of all YAF philosophy. Marvin Liebman, Executive Secretary of the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations, also attended and, in his own words, "provided the mimeograph machine." Until recently, Liebman shared his New York office with YAF.

The organization started slowly. Then, in January of last year, YAF sent 400 members to Washington to stage a counter-demonstration against students protesting the House Un-American Activities Committee. It followed this in March with its first annual awards night at Manhattan Center, in New York City, and drew an overflow crowd. A YAF recruiting pamphlet relates that "the newspapers called this the greatest conservative meeting ever held in that area." The pamphlet stresses the impact the rally had on newspapers, and in turn on the public, but says little of what was discussed at the meeting.

ASIDE from the generalities of the Sharon Statement and fulsome use of a handful of slogans — "anti-communism," "individual freedom" and "limited government" — the YAF would seem to be more interested in its public image than in genuine public issues.

At a conference on "Youth Service Abroad" sponsored last spring by the National Student Association — the purpose was to collect and publicize students' views on the Peace Corps and like projects—YAF had eight delegates among the 300 present. Borrowing the tactics of student left-wingers of the thirties, YAF set up a front group to push its cause (adopted for the conference only, and subsequently dropped). The group kept the mimeograph machines churning far into the night and bombarded the delegates and the press people with the weighty products. In some cases, only enough copies of handouts were made to distribute to the press, so that delegates could not even deny the allegations contained in them on the floor. The eight YAFers crowded around the two microphones, and presented themselves to the press for interviews and statements. A student reporter had to point out what was

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happening to Washington reporters, who were rapidly becoming convinced that the right wing was taking over.

As to YAF's actual "cause" at the conference, it harked back to the Sharon Statement, which declares that all foreign policy must turn on the question: "Does it serve the just interests of the United States?" The YAF delegates suggested, therefore, that the Peace Corps be renamed the "Anti-Communist Freedom Corps" and all participants should undergo a security check and a rigorous indoctrination in both Communist tactics and American principles. Little has been heard from YAF on these matters since.

YAF took a similar approach when it declared war on the National Student Association last summer ("Student Leaders and Campus Apathy," *The Nation*, Sept. 16, 1961). The NSA, which represents about 1.3 million students on more than 400 campuses, has consistently taken liberal stands in its policy statements. YAF headquarters warned that "busloads" of young conservatives would descend upon the annual congress to prove that they were, indeed, the "wave of the future."

They had created their newspaper "image" with some good spadework, but the image disappeared once the congress started. Their mimeographs continued to roll, but to no avail.

YAF's influence was not entirely a minus quantity, however. The exaggerated newspaper reports on its strength and influence forced a somewhat lazy and complacent liberal group to rethink its policies far more rigorously than ever before.

TO SUMMARIZE the intriguing process of "image-making" which has played such a prominent part in YAF activity, one can turn usefully to a new book by the historian Daniel Boorstin: *The Image* (Atheneum, 1962). Mr. Boorstin notes that the "graphic revolution" in communications has so altered the outlook of Americans that we expect all news to be "new, surprising, and important." "Demanding more than the world can give us, we require that something be fabricated to make up for the world's deficiency," he writes. The result is a "synthetic novelty" that Boorstin calls "pseudo-events."

The characteristics of these pseudo-events, which fulfill the country's desire for bigger and better news, are as follows:

> *1.* It is not spontaneous, but comes about because someone has planned, planted, or incited it.
>
> *2.* It is primarily (not always exclusively) for the immediate purpose of being reported or reproduced. . . . Its success is measured by how widely it is reported.
>
> *3.* Its relation to the underlying reality of the situation is ambiguous. The interest . . . is always, in a sense, in *whether* it really happened and in what might have been the motives.
>
> *4.* Usually it is intended to be a self-fulfilling prophecy.

It is striking how closely YAF's activities conform to these descriptions. The presence of adult organizers at the beginning of YAF and their continued influence undercuts any of the organization's claims to spontaneity. The statement from the YAF pamphlet on the newspapers' reporting of the first rally corroborates the point on the importance of press coverage. The "self-fulfilling prophecy" can be seen in the YAF's ballyhoo about "busloads" of conservatives that preceded last summer's NSA Congress. By proclaiming their own strength, they made their strength a fact — until the test came in the real world.

IMAGE-MAKING is one aspect of the dual operational technique of the YAF. The other is over-simplification of issues. Boorstin, in his book, states that the object of propaganda "is to lead people to believe that the truth is simpler, more intelligible, than it really is." Let us apply Boorstin's description to the YAF's bible, the Sharon Statement.

At one point, the statement reads: "The purposes of government are to protect these [political and economic] freedoms through the preservation of internal order, the provision of national defense, and the administration of justice." One looks in vain for mention of the general welfare, due process, or equal protection under the laws. (The Southern Student Freedom Fund, sponsored by NSA to raise money for students expelled from school for segregation protests, appealed for YAF participation twice before getting a reply months after the initial contact. And then it was a note that the request would be submitted to YAF's Board of Directors for consideration. That was last December, and no help from YAF has yet been forthcoming.)

"Sorry, old boy, but your wife and I feel you're becoming an embarrassment."

Later on, the statement reads: "The market economy, allocating resources by the free play of supply and demand . . . is the most productive supplier of human needs." Problems of monopolies, surpluses, sweat shops and a hundred other economic issues arising from our increasingly complicated production and distribution system are completely ignored.

At another point, the statement says: "When it [the government] takes from one man to bestow on another, it diminishes the incentive of the first, the integrity of the second, and the moral autonomy of both." This would seem to disapprove of income taxes, social security and all social legislation. The problems which gave rise to these measures are grave and complex; YAF's approach to them can only be described as frivolous and simple-minded. Finally, consider the statement's sole criterion for all United States foreign policy: "Does it serve the just interests of the United States?" Given the world situation, can this slogan ever serve as a guide to dealing with the complexities of most international problems?

YAF's propensity for over-simplifi-

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cation, of course, is one of its greatest selling points. Realistic concern for the world's problems is a frustrating business today, and promises to be so for a long time to come. Many people yearn for simplicities which they can understand, and this is just what YAF gives them. It offers a few statements of principle, a clear and urgent cause — anti-communism—and an anti-intellectual attitude appealing to those who are tired of trying to think. All of this is attractive to the student who is concerned about world affairs, but lacks the courage to face the prospect of prolonged tension that realism projects.

Particularly in the Midwest, YAF has awakened a latent conservatism in student politics. This conservatism is endemic to the region, but had been little touched by the flurries of political activity on campuses on the East and West coasts. Today this group is vigorously pro-Goldwater.

THE Midwest reawakening was achieved by a nation-wide publicity barrage that offered not only a conservative philosophy, but the attraction of a "rebellion" against the "liberal Establishment" (which for the Iowan might be hard to picture).

Involved, too, with YAF are some pragmatic-minded campus politicians who are committed neither by religion nor heritage to conservatism, but who see a chance to get in at the top of a rising new organization. Many of these are refugees from the Young Republican ranks; composed mainly of non-Catholic Easterners, they are now engaged in fraternal conflict with a coalition of Catholic elements and the ultra-conservative Midwesterners. These young campus politicians are primarily interested not in ideology, but in advancing their position within the Republican Party.

Buckley of the *National Review* likes to call the "fundamentalist" group — the Catholic-Midwest coalition—the "keepers of the Tablets." Strongly under the influence of Mr. Buckley, this group supports such activity as the recent formation, in New York, of a Conservative Party to be drawn largely from the right wing of the Republican Party. Just as it opposes coexistence with the Soviet Union, it opposes coexistence with the liberal movement in America. To much of its thinking, there is a deeply religious tinge.

The split between the two groups came into the open last summer when Midwesterner James Harff of Northwestern and Howard Phillips of Harvard, both YAF members, ran for chairman of the collegiate Young Republicans. Harff was victorious; Phillips, a leader of YAF's "political" wing, said afterward, "They did not trust me out there." More recently, conflict arose over the formation of the Conservative Party, which Phillips and his friends, who prefer working through Republican ranks, vigorously oppose.

FEAR and frustration, heritage, religion and opportunism all are factors in the growth, such as it is, of the YAF. It is important to note that the New Deal, once the dynamo in young people's thinking, today no longer holds any appeal on college campuses. The student of the thirties faced what were primarily economic problems and responded warmly to the boldness of liberal economic programs. But since World War II, the country has encountered no real, prolonged depression; the shift in interest and emphasis has been to foreign affairs. And in this area, all that liberals can do today is support international negotiation and offer the prospect of continued cold-war tensions for a long time to come. No matter how realistic this position may be, it has no great attraction to young men, who want action — not words.

When L. Brent Bozell gets up at a YAF rally and suggests that the United States invade Cuba and tear down the wall in Berlin, he brings the crowd to its feet screaming. All the frustrations of his audience are let loose in frenzied applause.

Where does all this leave YAF? We have seen the manipulative, image-creating techniques and simplistic policies that the YAF has presented in its nineteen months of existence. If, as an organization, it is to make a real contribution to the political debate — and such a contribution is desperately needed — a change in techniques and policies are clearly called for. YAF must deal with realities, not with generalized slogans. For only those who see reality can, in the long run, have any real effect upon it.

The Drop-out Problem.. *by Louis E. Reik*

STUDENTS who drop out of college, even though they are on the verge of adulthood, tend to be regarded by the older generation with the same disapproval as drop-outs from high school, grammar school or kindergarten. Although parents and teachers pay lip service to the idea that a student of college age is capable of behaving like an adult, yet at bottom they are far from believing that such is the case. Parents are seldom conscious that they harbor a lifelong conviction that their children never grow up, and that their authority and solicitude may be felt by the latter as making up the two jaws of a kind of velvet trap.

Drop-outs from college, since they are human beings, are as varied and complex as human nature itself—giving rise to questions and theories almost as diverse. It is therefore no surprise that the rather exhaustive review of the subject in the recently published *The American College*, edited by Nevitt Sanford, contains the statement that "knowledge of the attrition process is surprisingly meager." But the review yields the comforting information that the drop-out rate has "not changed appreciably in the past forty years." Ameri-

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can colleges, according to the review, continue to lose about half their students during the four years after matriculation (a postwar decline in drop-outs at highly selective private colleges is apparently offset by an increase at the others). Moreover, about two-thirds of the drop-outs leave for reasons other than academic failure.

Whether or not a given student can be called a drop-out seems, at first, a simple matter to determine, because the answer appears in black and white on the records of the college registrar. And we may even, without realizing we are chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, draw conclusions on the basis of these records, despite the fact that — though impeccably sound in a narrow, statistical sense — they actually mirror little of the complexities of human life. We may conclude, for example, that because a student drops out, his brain will inevitably succumb to the atrophy of disuse; yet, as the psychologist Nevitt Sanford observed, "Leaving college, not to enter any other, may leave a student with a sense of unfinished business that will, in some cases, provide motivation for learning for the rest of his life." On the other hand, it is well known that, following graduation, there are many individuals who become lifelong drop-outs from the pursuit of learning of any kind, though technically they have never been listed as drop-outs at all.

THE matter is further complicated because the data in the registrar's office is, of necessity, incomplete, inasmuch as a more complete picture of a given student's fate does not emerge until many years later. The student in the drop-out category of one college may go on to be the pride of another. Woodrow Wilson dropped out of Davidson College before coming to Princeton, just as President Kennedy dropped out of Princeton to go to Harvard — moves that the latter institutions, in each case, probably, now applaud as marking the beginning of wisdom.

For about five years now, under an informal arrangement, I have been interviewing students who are withdrawing for any reason. The purpose of the interview, which is not compulsory, is to provide a withdrawal health check, partly to determine whether any health recommendations should be made to the student and his family and partly to discover whether health impairment has directly or indirectly influenced his withdrawal.

As a psychiatrist, I see no point in thinking of health solely in psychological terms, because significant and persisting psychological upheaval is reflected sooner or later in disturbance of the body's great rhythms of

eating, sleeping and recreation, while the more superficial psychological upsets tend to leave the body unaffected in these respects.

THE interviews are necessarily geared to the limitations imposed by the withdrawing student himself, who can make them as perfunctory or as detailed as he likes. The main focus is on his general welfare, past, present and future, from a point of view that sees him as an individual rather than merely as a drop-out. Knowing that withdrawal from college is generally viewed with alarm by the older generation, the student often feels moved to explain and to discuss his feelings about it and how he plans to meet his problems. The majority of these withdrawing students voice a strong preference for solving their problems without outside help; they feel the need to develop personal resources which, they fear, they might be encouraged to distrust were they to turn too readily to others for aid. Those who have serious doubts of their ability to cope with difficulties unaided, and who are willing to explore possibilities for help, form only a small minority.

But to a psychiatrist, in his daily work with students facing the problem of withdrawal (whether required or voluntary), statistics take on secondary importance to the wide variety of misconceptions he encounters on the part of students, parents and the college. Students may talk of disappointed or angry fathers, who will regard them as quitters or irresponsible ingrates and wasters of family funds. They are apt to picture the impact of withdrawal on mothers in equally emotional terms: it seems more the rule than the exception that drop-outs describe mothers as being in delicate health, liable to become ill at any moment. What is important here is not what the parents are like in actuality, but that the student's conception of them produces very real upset in his inner world.

THIS conception, although it may be a distortion, nevertheless has a profoundly moving quality, and it results in all kinds of complicated maneuvers that are the despair of those who seek to get at the truth by making statistical analyses of drop-outs.

Consider, for instance, the following three students, all of whom are listed in the registrar's office as academic failures. One of them confesses to the psychiatrist that, secretly wishing to withdraw but not wanting to disappoint a father who happens to be a devoted alumnus, he prefers to place the onus for dropping out on the university. The second, seemingly of considerable academic promise when he entered college, tells of dissatisfaction with his previous exclusive absorption in studies — under the watchful eyes of his parents — and of his gradual awakening to the fascinations of extra-curricular activities in which he had felt inept before and in which now he feels more at home (though he dutifully condemns them as "goofing off"). The third student turns out to have been so preoccupied with a struggle against homosexual inclinations that academic failure, distasteful though it may be, offers certain advantages, — for example, it may alert his parents to the fact that there is something wrong and pave the way for the treatment of underlying prob-

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lems that he does not wish to reveal to them directly.

However successfully parents may manage to conceal their dismay and alarm from the drop-out in the family, they nevertheless reveal all kinds of misgivings in their private talks with the psychiatrist or the college authorities. They may be haunted by the belief that the college drop-out has the same proclivity for delinquency as the teen-agers they have read about in newspapers who drop out of school only to turn up in juvenile courts. Or they misinterpret psychiatric investigations of college drop-outs, such as those recently launched with the aid of government money at the William Alanson White Institute in New York and at Harvard University. They assume that these investigations start with the premise, coinciding with their own worst fears, that all college drop-outs are victims, potentially at least, of some form of malignant psychopathology, when actually the studies aim at discovering facts that will help dissolve needless fears and misunderstandings and pave the way for constructive steps in an atmosphere unhampered by emotional distortion.

Colleges are, of course, less emotionally involved with drop-out students than parents. But they, too, are prone to have a strong bias against them, understandable when one considers their dedicated efforts to build up educational opportunities. Here, however, the bias is more likely to be directed against drop-outs as a group; in direct dealings with individual students, they manage—with a patient scrupulosity that is often amazing—to give them the benefit of the doubt. Nevertheless, to the colleges, dropping out appears

equivalent to a kind of death, if only an intellectual one. Drop-outs are referred to in academic circles as "casualties" or "non-survivors"; the drop-out rate is called a "mortality" rate. Under these conditions, it is natural for college authorities to discourage dropping out whenever possible, even though the student might actually benefit by leaving school for a time.

EXPERIENCE confirms the wisdom of the observation of Erik Erikson, a psychoanalyst now teaching at Harvard, that there is much good sense in viewing adolescence as a period of truce and apprenticeship—a "psychosocial moratorium," in Erikson's phrase—during which there ought to be opportunity and allowance for experiment and self-discovery. According to Erikson:

> A psychosocial moratorium is a period of delay, granted to somebody who is not ready to meet an obligation, or forced on somebody who should give himself time to do so. Here I mean a delay of adult commitments, and yet not only a delay. I mean a period that is characterized by a selective permissiveness on the part of society and of provocative playfulness on the part of the youth; and yet also a period of deep (if often transitory) commitment on the part of youth, and ceremonial acceptance of commitment on the part of society. Such moratoria show highly individual variations, which are especially pronounced in very gifted people.

That self-discovery and achievement can occur away from college is a possibility that any educator privately recognizes, even though officially he may seem to minimize it. While dropping out of college should not be lightly regarded, coming as it does at a time of life when impulse is strong and confusion of purpose intense, neither should it be taken as necessarily a sign of lasting breakdown or ultimate failure. Apart from the outstanding achievement of occasional famous drop-outs such as Charles Lindbergh, Frank Lloyd Wright, Robert Frost and the more recently famous Colonel John Glenn, everyday work with students — including some of the sons of my own classmates, who themselves dropped out of college a generation ago — leads me to suspect that the drop-out today may be viewed with unnecessary alarm. We need to augment the pitifully meager data we now have. I know of no thorough long-term studies concerning the fate of drop-out students in later life—studies that by a kind of "Drop-outs Anonymous" approach would tell the colleges what happened to drop-outs of twenty years ago in more than the superficial terms of twentieth-reunion class books. We might find that, contrary to expectations, they were no more prone to land in mental hospitals or jails than the graduating members of their class.

BUT more important than the misunderstandings that parents and college authorities have about drop-outs are those that the students themselves harbor. Just as the older generation sees only the advantages of completing a college education, so the students focus on and magnify its disadvantages. Like George Bernard Shaw's Caesar, they believe it is better to live their lives than to "dream them away with the help of books." Faced with personal crisis, they are quick to attribute it to the college environment rather than to inner difficulties. Moreover, with the characteristic sensitivity of youth, they are apt to experience emotional crisis with considerable intensity and alarm, since for many it is a new and dangerous condition. Commonly, they express fear of becoming psychotic when confronted with inability to concentrate on their work or on any other serious objective. They become deeply frightened at the failure of will power to control or modify feelings of despair and pervasive anxiety. And since such feelings well up from subtle and hidden sources that defy the superficial logic of the intellect, their very mystery heightens their sinister quality.

Consider the student whose story suggests to the psychiatrist that his anxiety stems from inability to resolve underlying homosexual inclinations that simultaneously attract and repel him. For him, the very idea of homosexuality can be so disgusting that it becomes unthinkable to formulate the difficulty in these terms. The anxiety, instead of being attributed to the proximity of a roommate

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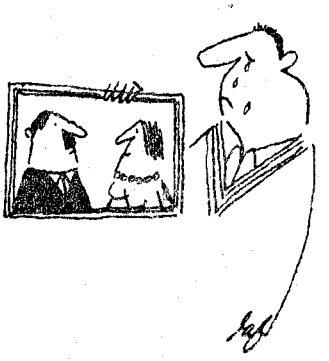
or friend who arouses such inclinations, is perceived to emanate from the campus as a whole. And dropping out of college is viewed with almost fanatical faith as the right and proper thing to do. Or consider the able student who, a few months before graduation, wants to withdraw, to the bewilderment of parents and college authorities alike. He can only explain to them that he is unable to meet the requirements of his work. But to the psychiatrist he may gradually reveal that he is constantly brooding not only about his parents' objection to his plan to marry shortly after graduation, but also about his own deep misgivings about his manhood and potency.

ALTHOUGH the psychiatrist views problems of this kind as understandably incapacitating, students themselves, strangely enough, do not always share this view. Parents and college authorities, from whom the student conceals his difficulties because of their intimate nature, are apt to attribute them to perversity or idle caprice, or else to "immaturity," thereby implying that the trouble, whatever it is, will vanish with time. Unfortunately, this is not always the case, as experience with drop-outs who return to college after two years or more of military service sometimes testifies. Nor is immaturity always to be deplored, for as Coleridge observed: "To carry the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearance which every day for years has rendered familiar, this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguishes it from talent."

If we should not minimize the difficulties that lead up to dropping out from college, neither should we see them inevitably as signs of serious psychiatric disorder. They come at an age when an active search is going forward for some satisfying commitment and suitable way of life, not infrequently in an atmosphere of intense personal crisis. One of the conclusions of the psychologist Anne Roe, in her study of a group of eminent scientists, highlights the importance of such commitment—or, as she called it, "personal involvement." Dry, twentieth-century prose conveys with such words as "personal involvement" and "commitment" scarcely any of the profundity and power of this kind of subjective experience. The Greeks, in their more vibrant way, referred to the same phenomenon as "possession by the Muses" or "divine madness," recognizing its kinship with other kinds of madness, yet distinguishing it from them. But today we no longer attribute it to the gods, seeing it as rooted so deeply in man's nature that it can affect his physiology as well as his psychology, with the result that, as Shakespeare's friends said of him, "his mind and hand went together."

To find some commitment that will afford lasting satisfaction involves much more than superficial introspection, vocational tests or a mere act of the will. It seems to involve the taming of deep-seated forces that have considerable primitive power. And the crises of late adolescence and early maturity, therefore, not infrequently shake the student to his depths with their compelling power over body as well as mind. Not only does he find himself unable to comprehend what he should learn, but he may in addition be faced for the first time with such symptoms of physiological upset as insomnia, loss of appetite, a racing heart, muscles unaccountably deadened by fatigue or set at hair-trigger tension. It is little wonder that he then becomes frightened over the possibility of insanity and thinks of dropping out of college.

BUT OUT of crises of this kind in adolescence, involving on the one hand the need for disciplined self-commitment and, on the other, the desire to remain in the less exacting realm of childhood, can come discovery and growth as well as paralysis and disorganization. As Nevitt Sanford observes, "The person who cannot read or find satisfaction in one or more of the diverse art forms is often reduced to action or sensation as the means for satisfying his needs and knowing that he is alive. This is the road to delinquency and the general primitivization of life." Painful and apparently wasteful as these crises can be, they can also usher in the kind of commitment



that leads to growth, increased self-confidence and vocational opportunity.

It has often been noted that education and psychotherapy have much in common. Both meet with rather stubborn resistance in the individuals they are designed to help, though for awhile the resistance may be concealed or denied. And both inevitably encounter the problem of drop-outs, particularly in adolescence. Psychoanalysts, knowing that this is a time of sudden and dramatic shifts, of fluidity and unpredictability, are in general cautious about accepting young people prematurely for formal psychoanalysis. Moreover, such is the resilience of youth that it is not uncommon for seemingly grave upset to subside in a matter of a few brief weeks. Parents, academic counselors, and psychiatrists undoubtedly often play an important role in the resolution of these stormy times in the student's life by the support they give.

BUT perhaps an even greater therapeutic stimulus to the adolescent who is confronted with the shocking realization of inner disorganization and weakness is the challenge it poses to master it and to search out and use previously neglected elements of strength and health. The spontaneous confession of weakness to himself and to others, at a time of life when the illusion of strength and the urge to independence run high, does not always mean that he wants to be treated like an invalid or a helpless child. In fact, for the powers that be to treat him so might well be taken as a vote of no confidence at a time when he mainly needs to know that others do not regard him as a hopeless failure. Anne Roe's study, previously mentioned,

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notes the importance of independence in the development of her eminent scientists. "Most of these subjects were fortunate enough somewhere along the line to have found a teacher who induced them to find things out for themselves, or who let them do so, or who insisted they do so because he did not want to be bothered."

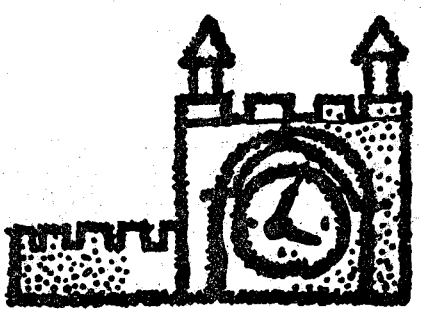
Just as health cannot be thought of apart from the capacity to absorb or overcome disease, so there is also an intimate relationship between the need for dependency and the stimulus to independence, between striving and the lurking fear of potential failure, between stress and the desire to master it. But the daily work of the college psychiatrist emphasizes what teachers, parents and even students tend to overlook: that stress, whether arising from within or without, can be overwhelming instead of stimulating; that there are times when good strategy demands retreat rather than blindly continuing to advance; and that retreat, providing as it does opportunity for recuperation and reorganization, need not be synonymous with failure, but in fact can generate the impetus for greater success than would have been accomplished without it. The psychiatrist learns that the highest academic grades, supplemented by the most impressive college-board scores, are no guarantee against the urge to drop out; or, for that matter, against suicide or psychosis.

It would be Utopian to suppose that dropping out of college can ever be eliminated, or even drastically reduced, under our present system of American higher education. But it is a problem that deserves to be studied with the greatest care, for inevitably it leads us along paths which, increasingly, we need to follow in these days of automation and abstract statistics—to efforts to understand the rich complexity and potentialities of the individual and to regaining respect for him in an age of population explosion and nuclear energy. From such understanding, not only the individual but also the college, can profit.

IN THE study of disease, the physician must first overcome his repugnance for what is pathological, learning to see it as a blend of the morbid and the attempts of nature to overcome it. Something of this same spirit has to be brought to the problems of college drop-outs. For example, once one ceases to be angry with the apathetic student, he becomes a complex wonder. His apathy seems to accomplish so many things at once: it enrages those whose duty it is to bring him to life; it gives him revenge against all those who frighten, frustrate or otherwise annoy him; it protects him against the humiliation of revealing inner disorganization and inadequacy; and it brings him to the delights of the vegetative state. Actually, there are such delights: the delicious postprandial lull, the enchantment of sleep and half-sleep, the idle play with beautiful thoughts. In fact, one wonders whether hard-working people do not have something to learn from the apathetic student, just as the sluggard has something to learn from the ant.

Every year, in the course of inquiring into the history of students consulting me, I encounter at least a dozen who, previous to college, had psychiatric difficulty not even hinted at in our records. It is not mentioned because the emotional life is unaccountably believed by teachers, parents and even physicians to have only incidental importance in the educational process. Yet, as Mark Twain observed, "We all do no end of feeling and we mistake it for thinking." Although everyone agrees that universities exist for the optimal development of students, in practice the latter are cut up into various segments. Professors carve out an academic segment, administrators confine themselves to matters of behavior, physicians concern themselves mainly with the physical apparatus, and what remains is referred to the psychiatrist. Thus, it not infrequently happens that students of the so-called "genius" variety, having been encouraged to climb to increasingly dizzy academic heights, founder prematurely because parents and advisers ignore serious personal defects. Again, colleges traditionally regard the failing student more from the standpoint of his academic deficiency than from the underlying causes. While such a system offers the practical advantage of ease of administration, it is based on the assumption that students have more control over their actions than psychology today believes likely.

WHEN the student, and not his deficiency or his offense, becomes the central consideration, certain advantages follow. He will nearly always be found to have potentialities as well as weaknesses. The educator is the first to see that it is his duty to help develop the former instead of being exclusively preoccupied with the latter. Indeed, it has rightly been said that immaturity in all its forms is the reason for the teacher's profession. The good educator, unlike the rigid legalist, never loses sight of his duty to foster harmonious relations between himself and his student, recognizing his powerlessness to influence growth and development unless he is viewed as a friend. This does not mean that he must placate and agree with students, particularly when it comes to some proposal that does not take into account the standards of the university. To lower these standards is a disservice to students as well as to the university. But to make an over-all appraisal of a failing student in a sincere effort to reach some recommendation on his future course can lead to conclusions far different than those that might be reached by confining attention to deficiencies alone. One of these conclusions may be that the student is unable to free himself from the habitual ascendancy of emotional forces. When this is so, dropping out alone cannot be depended on to have corrective value; an intelligently planned health program offers a better opportunity for constructive possibilities, as well as a better chance for a successful education and career in the future.



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Edmund Wilson's Thirty Witnesses

PATRIOTIC GORE: Studies in the Literature of the American Civil War. By Edmund Wilson. Oxford University Press. 816 pp. $8.50.

Odell Shepard

PATRIOTIC GORE is Mr. Wilson's contribution to what he calls "this absurd centennial," an occasion which he thinks might well be marked by a day of national mourning. The publisher informs us that it is "the most important book in years by America's most distinguished critic." Even more persuasive is the look of the volume itself. One feels that if the text is as good as the format then the book will approach perfection.

"This book," says the author, "describes some thirty men and women who lived through the Civil War, either playing some special role in connection with it or experiencing its impact in some interesting way, and who have left their personal records of some angle or aspect of it. In dealing with them I have mainly presented them in terms of their immediate human relations and of the values of their time and place, and I have tried to avoid generalities and to allow the career and the character to suggest its own moral."

Implicit in that queerly lumbering statement is Mr. Wilson's ideal of scientific objectivity. He would like to be a dispassionate observer of his country's crucial passion, of the agony that brought her near to death. He prefers, however, not to face it directly or alone. Instead, he summons these thirty witnesses from the past, expecting of them the kind of help that Perseus had from the polished shield at which he gazed while slaying the monster whose glare could turn a man's heart to stone.

Yet he also values the witnesses on their own account. Their "literature"—that is, their speeches, pamphlets, letters, diaries, and so on—are so "articulate" that often he can "almost hear their voices." These documents, he says, "dramatize the war as the poet or the writer of fiction has never been able to do."

Now that assertion, coming from the calmly skeptical Edmund Wilson, is surprising. Do we catch him here, for once, in an emotion, even an enthusiasm? Or should we say that he is merely writing his own blurb? One remembers a poem called *John Brown's Body* and the novel *Gone with the Wind*. Both are dramatic in an acceptable sense of the word. They have unity, shape, coherence, beginnings and middles and ends. Mr. Wilson has precluded those virtues by his choice of materials and methods. His task will be to avoid, if he can, the vices of miscellaneity, rambling, sprawl.

HE begins well by devoting his first chapter to Harriet Beecher Stowe, "the little lady who made the big war." Upon her and her one great book he brings to bear his veteran skill in tracing a literary work from its remotest upland springs. Highly creditable is his admiration of this woman of genius who really did not write very well and had little interest in literature as such. When he finds her suggesting that God helped her to write *Uncle Tom's Cabin* he does not disagree. (That is polite of him because he has elsewhere said that he thinks "God" is an old-fashioned word which ought now to be dropped.)

The second chapter is more puzzling. Calvin Stowe, Harriet's husband, was afflicted by visions in the night of dreadful things that were not really there. Accordingly, we are led far from the war and introduced to sundry "spiritualists" of the time. David Home, the charlatan magician, is a central figure, but the Brownings are also involved, and John Ruskin, George Eliot, Tolstoi, a Czar of Russia, even Houdini. At last we come to Francis Grierson, once famous throughout Europe as a phenomenal improviser at the piano. Now Francis Grierson—born Jesse Shepherd, in Illinois—was in several ways a fascinating man, but "what the deuce is he doing in this galley?" The answer is somewhat subtle: as Calvin Stowe "saw" things supernatural, so Grierson "heard" them; and, in spite of being musically illiterate, he could translate them into the language of the keyboard. But what was the source of this inexhaustible music of which he felt himself to be only the faithful transmitter? Long pondering of that question led him into a profound, all-embracing mysticism. He then turned to writing, and in old age produced two strange, deep books suffused with the spirit of Lincoln. "Abraham Lincoln," he said, "was the greatest practical mystic the world has known for nineteen hundred years. His whole existence was controlled by influences beyond the ken of the most acute politicians. His genius was superhuman."

With the substance of that loud pronouncement Mr. Wilson quietly agrees. He reminds us that Lincoln himself had premonitory visions, that they frequently recurred from his young manhood until the night before Booth's bullet shattered his brain. In those visions, whether they were apocalyptic or only illusions of grandeur, he saw himself as a man of destiny obligated to a task outreaching human power. He had to do what he could not do, and did it. Mr. Wilson says that Lincoln imposed his vision upon his country, but the drift of his argument suggests that what really happened was the other way round. Here the author's apparently gratuitous excursion among the spiritualists falls into line, for we see that he is suggesting the work of a *Zeitgeist* or, say, of an endemic fever that could not stop short of its crisis.

FROM the cabin of Uncle Tom to the White House and the martyrdom is a long, steep, zigzagged journey, but finally we do arrive. Looking back, we recognize that when Mr. Wilson seems to ramble he may be swiftest on his way.

Patriotic Gore culminates in the Lincoln chapter, but in its different way the one on General Grant is equally good. Worthy of special mention is the account of John S. Mosby the Confederate scout, of Mrs. Chesnut the wholly admirable representative of Southern ladyhood at its finest, of Alexander H. Stephens the frail but invincible Vice President of the Confederate States, of General William T. Sherman who said that "War is hell" and did all he could to confirm that statement, of Hinton Helper who proved by statistics that slavery was economically ruinous, of Sidney Lanier the poet and musician who died shortly after he began to show real promise, and of Robert E. Lee, here treated with the deep respect which is his due. The chapter on Chief Justice Holmes, though unconvincing, is brilliant.

These are all important people, but others among Mr. Wilson's chosen thirty

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ODELL SHEPARD edited Thoreau's Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers *and* The Heart of Thoreau's Journals. *His life of Bronson Alcott,* Pedlar's Progress, *won a Pulitzer Prize.*

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are scarcely worth the space devoted to them. George Washington Harris, author of *Sut Lovingood*, is a mere vulgarian. Charlotte Forten and Kate Chopin are lightweight. One can see no good reason for devoting seventy-five pages to the demonstration that John W. De Forest was a second-rate novelist. Indeed, the selection of the thirty witnesses looks at times rather capricious, as do also the silent rejections. Little is said here about Walt Whitman, who felt the "impact" of the war to the core of his heart and wrote more impressively about it, both in prose and verse, than anyone else has ever done.

Mr. Wilson finds room for an interesting chapter about what he believes was the "chastening" effect of the war upon American prose. He seems to think that military orders, necessarily curt, short, sharp, had a tendency to deflate the speech and writing of all those who gave and heard them. But in fact the change he has in mind began at least two centuries earlier, with the earnest cultivation of the "plain style" by Puritan preachers. To that there was added the influence of the newspaper and the pervading spirit of democracy. It was during one of Stephen Douglas' harangues that someone called out from the crowd: "I reckon he wouldn't talk quite so hifalutin if he knew his pants was clean bust out behind!"

Mr. Wilson has a sensitive ear for the niceties of style in other writers, but apparently he does not listen to his own. His cadences are monotonous. His sentences often run to 150 words, and toward the end of them the reader often comes to a stand as though caught in a thicket of cat briar. There are too many "ands" in his prose, too few "buts." He has little imagery, play of fancy or humor. He seldom lets himself go in anything like denunciation. In this book he deals harshly with only one person, a contemporary, and then he does it almost entirely by exact quotation.

The mystery of the Civil War is not solved in this book. Mr. Wilson seems to share the view of the "revisionists" that it was a blunder. He denies the popular "myth" that it was "about slavery." But, as he has said, he avoids generalization and, for the most part, lets his people speak.

Western Taste and Eastern Models

KATSURA: Tradition and Creation in Japanese Architecture. By Walter Gropius, Kenzo Tange, Yasuhiro Ishimoto, Herbert Bayer. Yale University Press. $15.

Philip Johnson

IN THE WORLD of taste in architecture nothing is more revelatory of inner predispositions or more indicative of underlying notions than the choice in exotics. And among the exotic cultures that we architects of the West have turned to, the Japanese has given the most cause for excitement and variation of inspiration.

It is obvious that no generation of the West has really understood what Japanese architecture is all about. How could we? Therefore, the various interpretations of "what it really meant" could be and were and are as different as there are generations or standpoints or even individual viewers.

It is fascinating to learn about the Western point of view by going to Japan and seeing there what has registered as beautiful on different eyes in the succeeding periods of Japanese architecture.

Three generations and three distinct tastes are discernible: seventy years ago the Japanese architecture that influenced Frank Lloyd Wright, and therefore Americans, was the Ho-Ho-den at the 1893 Fair in Chicago, a symmetrical temple typical of centuries of architecture of China and Japan.

The next generation to "discover" Japan was the German craftsmen of the Bauhaus, who have so influenced our taste up to, but not including, today. Today, we are in a third phase.

The favorite building of the German period is the Katsura villa, a simple rustic cottage built at fantastic cost by a royal prince as a retreat. The nearest equivalent building in the West is the Hameau at Versailles, where Marie Antoinette played in Swiss rustic simplicity. The quality of architecture is, however, not comparable. The Katsura villa, built in Japan's greatest period, is a self-conscious and successful masterpiece. The Hameau is not.

The Katsura villa has been photographed and praised many times in the fifty years since Bruno Tant "discovered" it, but never as well photographed as in this volume. This book is essential for anyone seriously interested in great exotic architecture, its detailing and its garden background.

It is very easy to see why it appealed to Gropius' generation. There is no ornamentation. The skeleton is "expressed." The walls are movable, the principle of flexibility so beloved by "modern" architects. The design is "modular" (very modern!). There is a rather aristocratic poverty of means, so the sociologically minded commentator can speak of "democratic" architecture. And, above all, it is outrageously romantic and "play housey," which appeals to all grown-up Western children.

Today, however, Katsura looks like play-house simplicity indeed, especially when it is compared with the greatest Japanese monuments, the Mausoleums at Nikko which were done almost exactly at the same moment. Nikko is everything Katsura is not: Katsura, the pseudo-housing simplicity of rustic poverty; Nikko, the grandest, most wonderful, most complex, most rich of all the

PHILIP JOHNSON is the architect, among many other buildings, of the Museum of Modern Art's Annex and Sculpture Garden (New York) and The Glass House (New Canaan, Conn.); he is co-architect of the Seagram Building.

Spain

We say "If I had a small patch of land,
a cat and a dry house
I would spend my life making gardens."
But the cats are animals here,
not thoughts to pour cream for;
they craze the floors, dizzy,
like dice undoing each other.
And the land is a vineyard of elbows,
scaled and crooked,
a jangle of grapes in the earth's ear.
I have listened to the silence of mountains
from this dry house;
I have seen the deserted hoe,
a massing of rust.

Kathleen Fraser

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tombs of history that have come down to us. They could hardly be more opposite, and it reflects the change in taste of the Occident that newer visitors to Japan as different as John Burchard of M.I.T. and myself have a preference for Nikko over Katsura.

IT IS amusing to read Gropius on the contrast:

> This Katsura is the lofty abode of man in equilibrium, in serenity.
>
> Strangely enough this attitude of restraint had, during the same period, its counterpart in the ostentatious display of the mausoleum of the powerful Tokugawa shoguns at Nikko. Tremendous skill in craftsmanship was misused here by the shoguns to glorify themselves with an overbearing profuseness of ornament and decoration which destroys the clarity of the architectural composition as a whole and leaves an impress of conceit and self-praise.

Where Gropius sees confusion, we are apt to see richness, where he sees conceit, we might see grandeur.

Nikko is a series of steps, courts, gates and temples, set, everyone must admit, among the greatest landscape of the world: a grove of giant Japanese cedars, grouped against a steep, steep mountain side.

But what staggers the observer is not the site or the scale (which is small) but the perfection of the profuse lacquered architectural detail. All photographs give an impression of gaudiness: purple, green, red, white, silver, gold — mixed in minute confusion. The confusion is equaled only by the piling on top of one another of architectural memberings, or rather decorative bands of memberings. Nikko is almost a caricature of all the past temple motifs of the entire Orient. The massed ornamentation makes the Churrigueresque or Bavarian Rococo look like Swedish modern.

But the confusion is only at first glance. If the visitor takes the trouble he can easily shred the bits apart and gain thereby a realness of order piled on order which in turn creates its own fitting, but illusory, scale unknown in any other architecture. The order is the order of Nara, the order of millenia, almost, of Chinese and Japanese temple design. But it is also an order of a myriad juxtapositions and "comments" on older orders.

Add the fact that the colored lacquer of the exteriors is really an interior treatment. (There are always parts of Nikko being relacquered.) This means that the visitor is given interior delicacy and color schemes while he enjoys the summers and winters in the evergreens of the mountain cryptomeria.

It is hard to understand that Katsura and Nikko stem from the same culture. But then the Hameau and Le Doux's great Barrières of Paris were all built within the same reign of Louis XVI. It was in each case a difference of emphasis. Marie Antoinette was not very important; Paris was. The poor rejected imperial prince was only a nice nobody; the shoguns who built their mausoleums were the revolutionary new power of seventeenth-century Japan.

By all means, buy the Katsuka book for the photographs, but see unphotographable, indescribable Nikko and die!

Ride on an Elephant

CONTEMPORARIES. By Alfred Kazin. Little, Brown & Co. 513 pp. $7.50.

Nelson Algren

THE American camera, focusing from a fixed position upon the features of such an actor as Humphrey Bogart, once showed us how the human face, when it cannot escape a world of iron poverty or a world of iron bars, turns inhuman.

More recently, in such films as *The Savage Eye* and *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, the camera appears fixed within the eye, focusing upon traffic moving as if unmanned across expressways, on empty doors or down deserted streets, pervading these with a sense of human life. Having once shown us that the human being can turn inhuman, the camera now shows us that the unpeopled world may be humanized.

American criticism, taking its truth from assured positions in the academicized world, long ago revealed that faces of hollow men wearing headpieces stuffed with straw were ourselves.

This image of what mankind had become contained truth—but a truth that was carried too far. For in its concern with symbols readily defined and patterns long proven, American criticism left unheeded the truth that the proper study of mankind is man. It mistook the uses of literature for literature.

"The audience contented itself with the quietest type of revenge known to literary man," Karl Shapiro informs us,* "it has refused to buy the books. The critic has retaliated by shoving it into a curriculum under the title Contemporary Literature. We have today the biggest and busiest criticism in the history of literature but no judgment. What we have are really precepts handed down from on high."

Contemporaries is a tour of the American literary scene that resembles a ride, facing the rear, astride a melancholy elephant. The great things have all been done and the wonders witnessed is its tone, told in a lurching prose. A critic like Tynan exasperates Alfred Kazin because Tynan's comments on this country "reveal that last resort of snobbery — the British determination to like only our 'low' culture."

Yet Tynan's enthusiasm for W. C. Fields, Jimmy Cagney and Jack Benny is genuine. It is the older critic's incapacity to share it which forces him to fall back upon the stale cliché of British snobbery for an explanation.

True snobbery, such as that of T. S.

NELSON ALGREN, author of The Man With the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side, *is completing* Who Lost an American?, *a report on Europe to be published by Macmillan.*

*In Defense of Ignorance, Random House. 1952.

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A Likely Story

By DANIEL GORDON

$4.50 PANTHEON

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Eliot, Kazin justifies against Shapiro's charge that "Eliot's criticism is not 'one thing' and his poetry another. They are one and the same. The unity of his work has only as much relation to life as books can have: experience in Eliot is always and necessarily literary experience."

"I well understand," Kazin replies, "Shapiro's exasperation with the intellectual togetherness of critical opinion, that he is tempted to turn into a court jester, the department fool driven to attack all criticisms, to play the part of the wild man, the primitive, the *naif*, especially when he is an outsider, an original, an old-fashioned non-believer or a non-Christian."

SHAPIRO may be all of these, and a registered pharmacist as well, but within the folds of Kazin's doughy prose the reader finds no answer to the poet's accusation — except that he is resorting to "a crude and emotional way of discharging resentment."

The author's disapproval and distrust of all these "court jesters," "primitives," "wild men" and "naifs" — Brendan Behan, Bertolt Brecht, Dylan Thomas and Henry Miller — lies precisely here. All are emotional and crude because their sources are in life and not in symbols. While Kazin's own sources are always limited to what he has read, never to what he has felt. All experience in him is necessarily a literary experience. "A characteristic sign of creative weakness," he explains himself inadvertently, "is talk about doing good." Yet his own criticism consists of a body of precepts based upon good public behavior.

Like Colonel Clevenger of *Catch-22*, this critic is a man who knows all there is to know about literature except how to enjoy it.

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Twenty-five Years After Madrid

Elisabeth Mann Borgese

Rome

HISTORY is an interminable chain of causes and effects; and to look for the beginnings of developments is an idle pursuit. Yet it is safe to assert that the course of world events during these last two and a half turbulent decades was decided largely under the walls of Madrid, where the Spanish people, aided by volunteers from all over the world, heroically withstood the onslaught of the Nazi-Fascist troops for more than five months.

For the Spanish "Civil War" was the Great Rehearsal. It was in Madrid, Guadalajara, Barcelona, that the Fascist International entered, full-blown, the stage of world history and got ready for the final swoop on the rest of Europe: the moral and intellectual scars are still plaguing the people, are still aching, when the political weather turns bad.

It was there that Western democracy, lulled by the League of Nations into a policy of unilateral nonintervention, tragically failed. Had the Spanish Republic been permitted to resist, there might have been no Second World War.

To commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Madrid and to deliberate on possible steps toward the liberation of the Spanish people from Franco's fascism, an impressive international meeting was held at the Palazzo Brancaccio in Rome on April 13 and 14.

The initiative for the meeting, which aroused the interest of anti-Fascists throughout Europe and America, came from an Italian committee under the leadership of Aldo Garosci, critic and editor. Among the members of the committee were the Socialist leader Pietro Nenni, the former prime minister and hero of the resistance movement, Ferruccio Parri; the publishers Giulio Einaudi, Alberto Mondadori and Giangiacomo Feltrinelli; authors Carlo Levi and Elio Vittorini — to mention a few whose names are widely known among American readers. And political personalities and intellectual leaders from all over the world sent messages: Bertrand Russell, Pablo Picasso, Vincent Auriol, Lazaro Cardenas, Priestley, Spender, Toynbee, et al. The cause of the Spanish resistance is one that unites a great many people, no matter how divided their opinions may be on other matters.

ABOUT ten o'clock on Friday the 13th, a big bus pulled up at the side entrance of Palazzo Brancaccio and discharged most of the foreign delegates to the congress. Practically every European country, and many of the Latin American ones, were represented. The delegates — about 250, counting Italians and foreign guests — looked around: on the impressive array of police and *carabinieri* that had been detached to protect them; on the crumbling statuary peopling the courtyard of the ancient palace of the Brancaccio (a noble Neapolitan family that had furnished generations of cardinals and prelates from the thirteenth century to the seventeenth). Up the broad marble stairs the delegates hurried, and — after invitations and credentials were carefully checked, lest persons uninvited should intrude into the meeting — business got quickly under way. Jules Moch, former prime minister of France, took the chair. He recalled the brief but glorious days of the Spanish Republic, its hopeful spirit of reform, of fight against illiteracy and obscurantism; and its tragic downfall. He recalled the plight of the refugees pouring into France; the apathy, the lack of understanding of the gov-

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ernments, the heroism of the underground.

Twenty-five years is a long time, the space of a generation, but despite the fretful changes in the rest of the world, Franco Spain is still there. Admiration for the endurance of the resistance, which is taking ever new, ever more violent forms among students, intellectuals and workers; bad conscience on the part of democracy: a haunting sense of "unfinished business"; the firm resolution to go beyond rhetorics and generalities and come to concrete measures for the liberation of the Spanish people; and confidence that the internal situation in Spain today, as well as the situation internationally, was favorable to the early liquidation of the Fascist tyranny both in Portugal and in Spain — these were the main points running through the speeches.

The students of the University of Barcelona had sent a message of solidarity, telegraphed from the French frontier. They also asked the meeting to establish a permanent committee to aid the forces of resistance in Catalonia and the rest of Spain; to provide scholarships for Spanish students who had to go into exile, to supply funds and books for those imprisoned. They begged for concerted European action to keep Spain out of the Common Market, and for international pressure on the Spanish Government in favor of more freedom for the trade unions.

Another moving message came from the ill-famed prison of Burgos, where 400 political prisoners are serving terms totaling 5,477 years. Some of these prisoners, both men and women, have been there for twenty-three years. Physical violence, even torture, are still commonly practiced, but do not receive much publicity: the relatives of the victims are intimidated into silence with the warning, "If you don't shut up, it will be worse for *them*."

But the world at large should not be intimidated into conniving silence, protested one of the delegates, Mrs. Jenny Lee, widow of the late Aneurin Bevan. "Let us go there," she exclaimed, "as observers, and see to it that there shall be no murder of young Spain, no murder of young Portugal, in the dark."

The difficulty of acting in Spain on behalf of the political prisoners — there are about 3,000 in various prisons — was revealed by another British speaker, John Mendelson, Labour Member of Parliament. A highly qualified and authoritative international committee of jurists and parliamentarians, appointed by the Amnesty Commission in Paris last year to go to Spain and investigate the situation, was in fact not received by the Minister of Justice. The tottering Franco regime could ill afford the release of its political prisoners or the return of its exiles, or even to discuss this possibility or face those that advance it.

The prisoners of Burgos, then, sent a moving message: a large banner — an old sheet, probably — on which they had painted black, oppressive, gloomy objects to the right, and to the center and left a colorful, stylized sun and three colorful stylized doves; and over it the words (in Spanish): "Burgos, the political prisoners of Spain send this salute to the fraternal people of Italy. AMNESTY! PEACE! DEMOCRACY!"

The Assembly rose to a minute of solemn silence as the banner was unfolded and fastened among the flowers adorning the speakers' table and rostrum.

BUT JAIL is not the only weapon brandished by the tyrant in this ferocious, long-drawn battle against the forces of liberty. He has subtler weapons. One of them is hunger. This was brought out in the speech of Giancarlo Vigorelli who, in his capacity of Secretary General of the European Community of Writers, had just returned from a visit to Spain. "Franco no longer has the courage to jail famous writers who oppose his regime," Vigorelli reported. "So he just starves them. No jobs for them or their relatives. No social security benefits. No maternity hospitalization for their wives, their sisters, their sisters-in-law, their cousins; no school for their children. Their economic situation is tragic." Vigorelli recommended a collection of funds to aid such writers.

Many of the speakers (and they came from many lands) were veterans of the Spanish war, veterans of the International Brigade; some were invalids, still bearing the visible mark of their sacrifice. This added pathos and poignancy to the performance. Others who took the floor were young: not even born at the time of the tragic happenings at Madrid. This added a note of hope.

Among the highlights of the conference was the address of Pietro Nenni, who pointed out that the resistance in Spain, during long years restricted to an elite, had now become a true mass movement; that the Fascist regime, left without foreign aid and face to face with the Spanish people, would fall: crumble without bloodshed, without another civil war. The "trauma of the

new university thought

The myth of a death struggle, which Kennedy exploited so effectively, demands as its complement an implacable foe, relentlessly pressing on our defenses at every point. Khrushchev's failure to exploit his lead in missile technology suggests a need on our part for a re-examination of the myth.

Robert Paul Wolff
Assessing the Soviet threat

The principal aircraft firms are nominally under private management, while even their office furniture and water coolers may be government property. Thus we may have managements nominally private, operating production facilities that are almost entirely publicly owned, and selling to one customer: the government.

Seymour Melman
The economics of armament and disarmament

All strategists seem to agree that one kind of war is intolerable and must be deterred, rather than fought: the all-out thermo-nuclear war . . . But agreement stops at that point.

Arthur I. Waskow
Three side of the pentagon

I believe that there are millions of citizens who are intensely concerned with the great issue of our day—peace. They are searching for ways to express constructively their hopes and aspirations.

Rep. William Fitts Ryan
Peace politics at the precinct level

Peace, 1962

This special 168-page issue includes, in addition to the above, articles on disarmament negotiations, effects of the bomb, civil defense, Berlin, and many other subjects.

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Civil War" has become one of Franco's last weapons against the intimidated and the inert.

THE BELGIAN Henri Rollin pointed out that the Spanish people had been betrayed not once, but three times: during the Civil War; at the end of World War Two and, again, when the Spanish dictatorship was admitted as a full member to the United Nations. Spanish fascism is officially considered one of the defenders of democratic liberty: the Spanish people blushes at this distortion of truth. For the Spanish people, the Charter of the United Nations, misused to cover acts of tyranny, is a dead letter.

But the most enthusiastic welcome was reserved to three Spanish-speaking delegates: the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda, and two great figures of the Spanish Republic: J. Alvarez del Vayo and Eduardo Ortega y Gasset.

In his brief but truly moving address Neruda recalled the tragic fate of Spanish poetry. The Franco dictatorship, he said, has waged and is waging a relentless war not only on political liberty, not only on economic progress, but on poetry — a war the like of which history has never seen before. Where are the Spanish poets today? Murdered, like Lorca, dead, or in jail or in exile. Alberti, Salinas, Guillen, to name only a few; and exile, for the Spanish poets, so deeply rooted in their native soil, is a tragic fate. Franco must fall, he concluded, not only in the name of universal justice, but also in the name of universal poetry.

"This congress," Alvarez del Vayo said, "could not have been timed better. It is taking place at a moment when the active forces of resistance in Spain are gaining momentum and are demonstrating with an ever-greater determination their will to re-establish democracy in that country."

Ortega y Gasset who, despite his eighty years, had not shunned the long trip from Chile to participate in the congress, painted a dismal picture of the political, economic and cultural life under Franco: The abject misery of the standards of living of the many, made even harsher by the contrast with the luxury of the few; the lagging commerce; the lifelessness of the arts and sciences; the absurdity of censorship regulations; the arrogance of the Church; the quite intentional backwardness of education, with ensuing widespread illiteracy; the crowded jails: all this adding up to a situation not very different from that of Italy before the Risorgimento. Not dissimilar also — alas — the foreign entanglement: the moral, economic, even military aid of foreign governments, who either do not understand what they are doing or else have no scruple in using the enslavement of the Spanish people for their own ends. And thus, no matter how heroic the resistance, liberation for Spain depends on the course world politics will take.

SPEAKING of foreign interests in the Spanish dictatorship: there was an unpalatable demonstration of it as the congress was drawing to its end. While the delegates were approving the final resolutions — an Appeal to all Peoples, a Salute to the Spanish People, and Proposals for Further Action — about 200 youngsters (and some of them not so young) came marching up the busy Via Merulana, approaching Palazzo Brancaccio. They dropped thousands of leaflets. They claimed to be the interpreters of the religious and moral feelings of the Italian people and protested against the intolerable offense that those murderers assembled in Palazzo Brancaccio were heaping on Catholic and anti-Communist Rome; they scolded the "cynical democratic dictatorship" of the Italian Government for authorizing this gathering of the "henchmen of Commissar Pietro Nenni who had raped nuns in Spain and plundered the convents." They shouted *"Assassini, assassini"* (murderers, murderers) as they marched by and, giving an example of democratic respect for the freedom of assembly and the freedom of thought, they attacked two members of the congress. Professor Ernesto Rossi, a Radical, and Altieri Spinelli, Secretary General of the European Federalist Movement — neither of whom is even pink, let alone Red — were severely beaten and kicked, in spite of every effort by the police to protect the members of the congress. Jeeps and camions charged into the rioters, who dispersed, fled into adjoining bars and stores, quickly to assemble again and to continue their acts of violence. About sixty-five were arrested. Peace was finally restored, long after the sun had set over the palaces, the pines and the ruins.

Indoor Plant

The red begonia, all through March,
Sprouted a jungle of leaves, an uncanny
Surplus we marveled at from day to day.
The flower too, opulent and dark,
Commanded us, but in a different way.

April brought a crisis: the blossom
Fell, the green foliage turned brown,
The stalk grew limp as clay; when
In agony we cut it at the stump,
No sap bubbled from it; it was gone.

Fatigued by winter, it had fought the calendar
By its persistent look of health —
Red for sensuality, green for youth,
And by the candor of its pose. In dying
It gave no latitude to death.

Minus the plant, we resumed our lives
Frugally, of course. We might have bought
A different breed, a more casual pot
To welcome spring and fill the vacancy,
But something in us chose to do without.

Allan Block

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

IT WAS about 11:30 in the morning when I arrived at the First Conference on Aesthetic Responsibility, sponsored one long day a couple of weeks ago by the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects in the ballroom of the Hotel Plaza; but the event had begun at 9 A.M. The room was rather well filled by substantial-looking people, who sat around tables covered with elegant blue tablecloths. They had drunk coffee and were listening to substantial, measured words floating from the speakers' stage.

The Plaza's ballroom is both robust and well maintained; a good place for a conference, even this one. The room has an arcade down either long side, with regal purple hangings in each open-

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ing. These also hang over the stage at the end of the room, with gold fringe added. The back curtain is more salmon, but also flossy-glossy. The golden trim on the columns and in the ceiling has been kept daubed; the chandeliers are still large and glittering; and even the cherubs in the ceilings are in good color, although I believe there used to be more of them. It may be that air-conditioning outlets have pre-empted some of the cherub housings. At any rate the room continues to be well cared for, vulgar, hearty, Hohenzollern.

The goings-on at this day-long meeting were not at all vulgar, and not very hearty either. What the conference was about was the tasteless desecration of our cities and other surroundings by banal, flashy clutter and blandly pompous buildings. This is the sort of thing that in England — and also at Columbia University up on Morningside Heights — has been prompting anti-uglies, mostly architectural students, to parade, picket and otherwise kick like hell, protesting on the streets when some large, smug architectural horror is about to be constructed. Such demonstrations have a quick bravery to them, are specific and pointedly angry. It is rather more difficult to hire the Plaza in protest against ugliness and fill it with anything more heated than good-natured raillery.

THERE were endless speakers at the Conference on Aesthetic Responsibility, some of them quite good. But no one panelist got more than ten minutes' time, and few jarred the general mood of day-off amiability. It was the kind of gathering where Erwin Wolfson, promoter of the Pan American Building by Grand Central Station (and of numerous other less identifiable works) turns up at the speakers' table, by invitation, and simply points out that the Pan Am monster is not nearly so monstrous as it might — legally — be, and that it is following the economic facts of the city. In the general mood of politeness which prevails, most of the audience seems to agree that this building is indeed inevitable, bigger than all eight million of us in New York City.

Admission to the conference cost a cool, courteous $35, which included at midday, old-fashioned grapefruit, roast sirloin of beef, bouquet of broccoli mimosa, lorette potatoes, crown of rhum and raisin ice cream, hot brandied dates and petits fours — and President Kennedy's new consultant on the arts, August Heckscher.

Back in the ballroom after lunch, the star speaker of the day emerged as painter Ad Reinhardt, who rose diffidently and said:

> Painting has been the freest and purest fine art in this century and our present aesthetic statements have been in modern painting. I guess, then, it would be up to me to make the most extreme aesthetic position clearer.
>
> Who is responsible for ugliness? What is ugly? The question, if raised by salesmen of beauty, is ugly. The ugliest spectacle is that of artists selling themselves. Art as a commodity is an ugly idea; art as entertainment is an ugly activity. . . .
>
> Artists once led less ugly lives than other men. Today artists lead the same kind of life as other men. The artist as businessman is uglier than the businessman as artist. The image of the artist as a patronized idiot, as an innocent, as a company man, as a collector's item, a successful schnook, is ugly. Knowing on which side one's bread is buttered in art is ugly. . . .
>
> Art as a good thing or a sure thing is ugly. The age of accommodation in art is ugly. The age of the shrug in art is ugly. Signs of affluence in art are ugly, signs of poverty in art are ugly. An ugly customer is not an ugly duckling.
>
> When things take an ugly turn in art there is the devil to pay. "Why fight it?" and "That's life" are ugly expressions. Profit, interest, property exploitation in art are ugly.
>
> Consciencelessness and subconsciousness in art are ugly. Artists are responsible for ugliness.

Surely the most earnest speaker of the day was the chairman of the resourceful committee which arranged the conference, architect Richard W. Snibbe, who delivered a call to action at the end, including: "Do you realize that thousands of aesthetic decisions are made daily by people who don't know they are making such a decision at all? Think of the signs, posters, benches, wires, fences and street lights that are put up every day without an over-all design or even the knowledge that one is needed — to say nothing of controls against it."

During one break in the day I was chatting in a corridor with another committee member, architect Edgar Tafel. I marveled at the immense printed invitations that had been folded into envelopes and mailed out by the thousands to stimulate attendance at the conference. Each was a poster-size sheet of very yellow paper with type describing the event splashed energetically all over it. Tafel told me that his draftsmen had gotten hold of a handful of these posters and each had cut out one of the scare headlines and pinned it above his drafting board — WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR UGLINESS? — writing in spidery hands underneath *not me, not me, not me.*

In a way, it was what everyone except Ad Reinhardt said in the generalized atmosphere of the conference. It is probably a good portent that the meeting was held, but ugliness is really emphatic only as a specific, and the anti-uglies on the march up on Morningside Heights may be a a good deal more significant.

ART

Max Kozloff

AS AN environment in which to exhibit an artist whose works don't "carry" well past ten or fifteen feet (a painter, furthermore, of some discretion and delicacy), the Guggenheim Museum is not a success. Under the blinding lights of the museum, and crowded monotonously together in rows, Philip Guston's canvases are in a police line-up. On the occasion of this retrospective, moreover, his cause is not helped by a stuffy and elementary exhibition catalogue. Yet the kind of justice his paintings crave is not easily given; they have a way of eluding formal analysis and of tripping up rhapsodical interpretation.

This exhibition pitilessly reveals that, for all his stature as one of our foremost painters, Guston suffers many, and not always deliberate, restrictions. Thus, his figurative work of the forties has a parochial bathos which verges on commercial illustration. It is one of the significant facts of his development that in the crucial years 1941 to 1948 the artist was in the Midwest, removed from all that was vital in the contact of New York painters with European modernism. It is only charitable to pass by early Gustons which are less com-

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pelling than Blumes, Shahns, Kuniyoshis or Evergoods of the same period. And for a quite different reason, notably his present great *crise de conscience,* I feel obliged to write off his production of at least the last three years. The museum was particularly undiscriminating in selecting examples from this period, in which Guston is most out of step with himself, and in which there is a breakup of his previously quite magically balanced tensions. Just as his brush frequently stops short of the confines of his canvases, so too the meaningful part of his career to date recedes in from both its extremities.

But even in that central bloc (his art by then had become totally abstract), we are dealing with an artist of great limitations. He relies on unitary color contrasts—scarlet against gray-pink being one of his typical harmonies. Then too, his treatment of shapes as they shift between trapezoids and tongue lickings, and clot no more interestingly than around, or just off, picture center, is a conservative element in Guston. Finally, one notes the even, if rich wet on wet impastoes of his central masses, not varied in responsiveness to each other from work to work, and only altered abruptly after a certain mental distaste for them has set in.

Like the Impressionists, Guston is a very unassuming composer (although he works on a much vaster scale, and has had occasional leanings toward the kind of ordering of Mondrian's plus and minus series). But unlike the Impressionists, his inventiveness of stroking, luminosity and nuance, far from being hyper-stimulated by nature, has to issue from within himself. With all his hesitancies, this burden was periodically too great, and has produced that quiet anguish in which much of his pictorial explorations tremble. Fluctuating between narcissism and self-disgust, unwillingly forced to accept ever newer responsibilities, and pondering his problems past alertness into fatigue, Guston gives the impression of an enormously timid artist.

YET, how moving is that timidity! Upheld in a brief span of only four years, 1953 to 1957, is not merely Guston's moral courage (which was shared by those American *avant-garde* artists who launched themselves free from pre-made, mostly European directives) but a singular poetry as well. Of all the Abstract Expressionists, Guston is here the most haunted by his own condition, and sensitive to its pathology. Lacking all bravado, he huddles over his sensations, and distills from them an exquisiteness that would be quite French, if the dilemmas that had given them birth were not so much a part of his own experience. In terms of what was happening in American art, Guston represents a link between the gyrating explosiveness and gesture-oriented abandon of Kline, de Kooning and Pollock, and the contemplative, atmospheric "total" color environments of Still and Rothko. In his role as mediator between such conflicting impulses, he is equivocal, sometimes *illustrating* the dissolution of brushy energy into color (by increasing the saturation and extent of his spotted hues), and at other times *expressing* it by fudging more graduated transitions. This ambiguity is precious.

Despite its deficiencies, therefore, this exhibition contains some specific joys. One of them is to see Guston's reserve in 1954 melt, like wax under a slow flame, by a kind of warming of the imagination. The whole metabolism of his pictures changes, and there begins to appear a more voluptuous rate of "respiration." As if they were contrasting and expanding auricles and ventricles, Guston's reds suffuse the adjacent tissues of the canvas with a blush. Admittedly, the interior paint substances grow plump, but only to accentuate the airy looseness of the surrounds; and the tactile character of the surface now gives Guston his structure, even as it reveals an artistic quickening. He applies paint not to register through it a particular state of emotion, nor even to deposit some mineral correspondence to the movement of his hand, but to savor the pulsating aliveness of the pigment itself. In this, of course, he is neither Abstract nor Expressionist, but rather strives to ideate sense—that is, to set a conceptual premium on sensation as sensation. In so doing, he injects his work with Symbolist overtones and, like the late Bonnard and Monet, goes beyond sensation. Guston's canvases of the mid-fifties live as invitations to contemplate the oneiric changeability of light and color. The beholder falls into a reverie in which his optical pleasure is enhanced and dazed by stimuli that seem to lose their materiality.

In the beginning, his palette is no less Symbolist than the over-all metaphor of his works as breathing organisms. He loves his own coloring, with all the anxiety of the owner toward his own possessions, and wants to preserve it from the day-to-day rhetorics that threaten his resolve. For a time, he seems aware of taking refuge within certain self-imposed artistic limits, and that in refuge, half-tones and low harmonies are appropriate. His is a concentration of feeling on colors which is powerful and rare.

But presently his chromatics grow more hectic, and Guston adds glittering oranges, blacks, greens and blues to his habitual cool reds. Masterpieces still follow upon one another, so that *Beggar's Joys* and *The Room,* 1954-55, are succeeded by such ripe, memorable performances of 1957 as *The Mirror, Oasis* and *Native's Return.* Along with the brightness, one finds an increased tumult of jagged tiltings. And with their fiery iciness, the new colors no longer hold their place, but jump out belligerently. For some reason, however, the tone does not become gayer, only more desperate. We are in a resurgence of what I want to call Guston's harlequin complex. It is hard, after all, to ignore the wistfulness of his drooping motions, his superb stuttering and willowy drawings and, above all, the tattered, writhing loneliness of his forms. They conjure up the mentality of the sad clown. Here is a valid, though transient, extraction from the world of his alienated mummers of the forties. Mingled, then, with his speculations about sensation, is Guston's toying with psychosis and self-pity.

WITH various exceptions, and under auspices hard to explain, the latest area of his work is pretty much of a shambles. Not only has it ceased to coincide with his point of maximum relevance to the "scene" (hardly a criticism), but it has become a victim of his worst impasses. Disaggregated, unraveled, the

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current forms boggle abortively against one another. The paintings are no longer the embodiments of struggle, but the prisoners of it. Whatever their malaise, however, they have the virtue of at least thrusting into relief, and making us more thankful for, the work of the earlier fifties.

Without Guston's achievement in mid-career, American painting would have been considerably the poorer. He gave to his environment an apparent calm at a moment when it was most needed to temper the excesses, on one hand, of Expressionist convulsiveness, and on the other, of overly mystical or mannered tendencies. Then, too, Guston matured somewhat later than his colleagues, thus extending by his example a momentum already beginning to falter. Yet, beneath his hedonism, one must not underestimate his passion and his unease. Concerning Guston, I am reminded of a remark of Giacometti's, as he once passed from Pollock to Bonnard: "At last, real violence!"

FOR THE last few weeks, New York has been host to a remarkable cooperative exhibition in celebration of Picasso's eightieth birthday. Nine galleries have divided his enormous production into manageable sections, in many of which there are interesting or lesser known items. Without denying that the event is worth attending, at this date I don't consider it momentous. Furthermore, Picasso has been so over-publicized that there is no need to add anything further to his press agentry. One either devotes far more than a column to a serious attempt to say something new about him, or restrains oneself to the mere mention that he is in town again.

FILMS

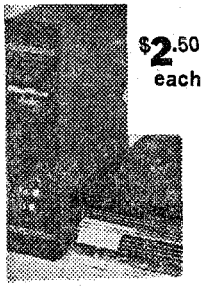
Robert Hatch

THE SCREEN keeps proving, with the futile patience of Sisyphus, that it cannot advance as an art by cannibalizing the theatre. Film adaptations of novels can be valid creations (though the movies most often excel when they invent material specifically for the flow of the medium), but plays are too closely related to movies for the transfer to be meaningful. The adaptation is either an unenterprising photograph of the original, or it dilutes the vitality and strains the armature of the parent work by introducing material that "only the camera" can accommodate. Certainly, the screen is more flexible than the stage, but what can the film adaptor and director do with the greater freedom, when the work given them was designed to be complete in the more restricted medium? They can invent visual cadenzas, add picturesque detail and resort to close-ups.

Thus it is with *A Taste of Honey*, despite the fact that the screen text was written by Shelagh Delaney, whose play it was, and that Tony Richardson directed both versions. I must state at once that the picture is clearly superior to the run of the screen; I would recommend it to anyone who has not seen the play. Since the potential audience is now greatly increased, I suppose that Miss Delaney and Mr. Richardson have performed some service.

But anyone who has the play firmly in mind will, I think, sigh and crack his knuckles as he witnesses the elastication of Miss Delaney's dialogue and action. For example, the scene that opened the play with such drive and vinegar wit, is now reached only after we have attended a recess game of volleyball, watched the heroine and her mother sneak out of a boarding-house window, and taken a long bus ride through the rainy streets of Manchester. If the speech that first defined Jo's character on stage — "And I *don't* like it." — was ever delivered on the screen, I lost it in the business. Many other lines, which were sharp and propelling in the original, are diffused to near-extinction as the camera deserts the heart of the action to bring us scenes on shipboard, at Blackpool, in a shoe store, at a carnival, on a church plaza above the city. The camera is forever showing what the play implies, and we are so busy with our eyes that our minds and hearts fall behind. *A Taste of Honey* was not intended as a travelogue, but as a work of intense personal relationships.

Characterization is coarsened. That happens partly because close-ups (which the camera can "do" so well) substitute intimacy for subtlety; it is made necessary, also, by the fact that the visual distractions of the screen require stronger blacks and whites of personality. Vulgarity moves toward brutality, sluttishness toward obscenity, valor toward pathos. I suspect that the screen cast (principally Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan and Murray Melvin) is comparable in skill to the players I saw on Broadway; indeed, Melvin was in both productions. And of course both sets of actors have enjoyed the insights of the same director. But the individuality of



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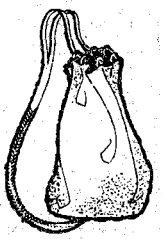

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the characters is weakened, and the ambiguities that made them at once so exasperating and so real are smoothed away. They are now more nearly types, what they do seems more to be imposed, less self-generated. The magic of life is dimmed in the film; the competence of professionalism remains.

It is perhaps ungenerous to submit an admittedly "good" picture to this sort of dissection. But *A Taste of Honey* has received enough praise from other movie reviewers to assure its success. I think it right to insist that what is being praised is a denatured play, not a work of independent screen art.

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Campus

(*Continued from page 437*)

beginning to *deepen,* to awaken new people. Tom Hayden, discussing a high school student demonstration, says:

> Never before in McComb — never before in an area so rural, so violent —never before *anywhere in the South* with students so very young. . . . *Revolution in Mississippi,* 1962.

Those in that "vast area left of Kennedy" should understand that this "planned revolution" is taking place with the consent and half-hearted connivance of the Administration, which is understandably attracted to the idea of *new Negro votes* to strengthen its liberal side against the Dixie-Republican Party. (To be on the same side as Kennedy even for a moment is considered bad form in some circles.)

The Southern students "shall not be moved" from their struggle for full freedom and democratic rights. There is no turning inward, little exaggeration of strength, no restless search for self-expression and a complete absence of "elitism."

What Next?

> The United States has no significant democratic leftist movement and no real liberal party, even though the majority of the American people have demonstrated that they will vote for liberal candidates.—Mark Acuff, Editor, *New Mexico Lobo.*

In summing up the 1962 campus scene, there is one vast lacuna—any kind of serious student thinking in the North about the kind of student political action best suited to giving *politically effective* aid to the Southern movement. There are whole issues devoted to ruminations about how and why Castro has eliminated democracy in Cuba, but hardly a worth-while word on how to advance democracy in America.

The direct participation of Northern students (Freedom Rides, voter-registration schools, and so on) can only involve a tiny minority of students who are willing to risk violence, jail and career troubles. Supportive action—Woolworth pickets, collection of money and food, protest demonstrations—fail to involve sufficient numbers of Northern students. Mass political demonstrations —Youth March for Integrated Schools (10,000), Freedom Now demonstrations—involve large numbers temporarily, but fail to organize permanently those so involved.

What, then, is the next step for the Northern student? If energy is directed to this question, perhaps 1963 will see a politically effective student movement in the North.

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Letters

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

April 21 ["Americans for Salan," page 344] sought to identify us with the O.A.S. in Algeria on the basis of an interview with F. R. Manfrini, a member of the committee, and Gene Blake, a reporter for the *Los Angeles Times.* You sought to imply that Mr. Manfrini was speaking for the committee, which is not the fact.

We call your attention to the following:

1. You failed to publish the statement made by me as chairman of the committee, which was printed in the article referred to. The statement read:

> Nobody in the organization is for the Secret Army. [Mr. Forster] said that the group's views are close to those of Robert Abdessalam, Algerian representative in the French Chamber of Deputies. Abdessalam wants Algeria to remain an integral part of France, but has not been identified with the Secret Army. We are just trying to provide information for the people of the country.

2. The Committee does not publish *Today in France,* but a monthly bulletin, *U. S.-France Reports.*

3. We would like to know where you stand on the statement of Mr. Ben Bella, vice-chairman of the G.P.R.A., that Algeria is prepared to offer 100,000 soldiers to liquidate Israel. CLIFFORD FORSTER
Chairman, American Committee
for France and Algeria
New York City

According to The New York Times, *Mr. Ben Bella has denied that he had ever made such a statement.* EDITORS

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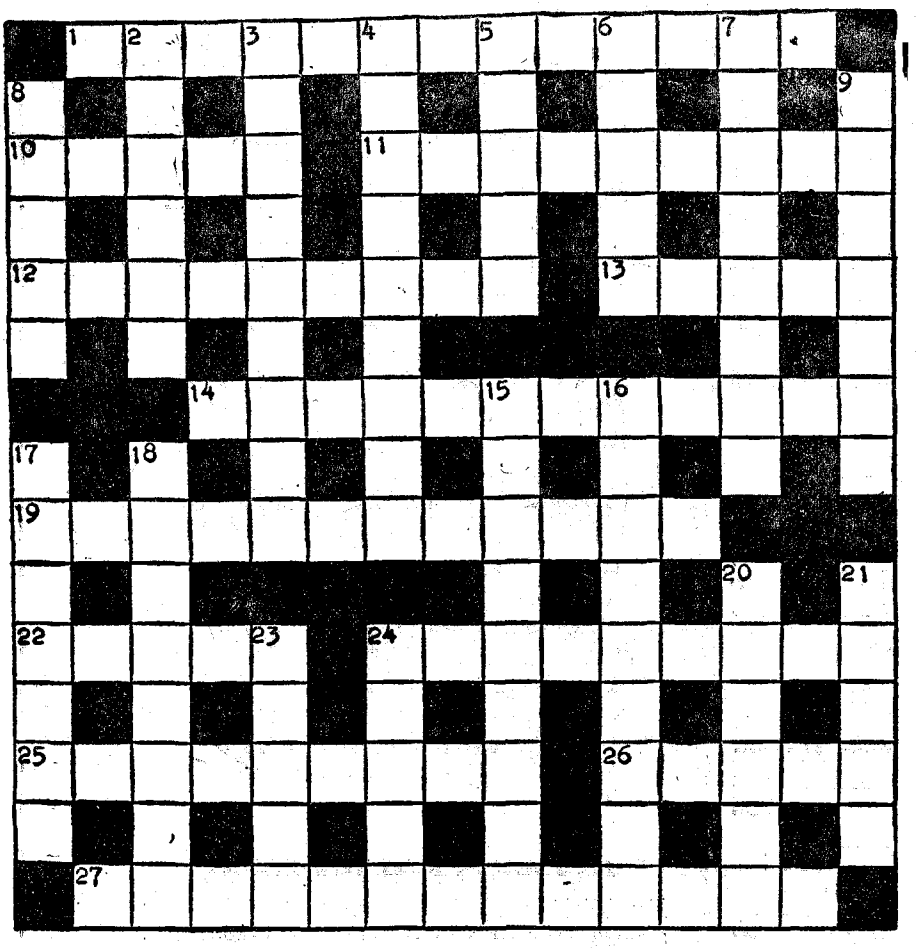
Crossword Puzzle No. 963

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Where the sports cars meet? (8, 5)
10 Ornamentation is a little firm in mine! (5)
11 Water and rum is mixed in tanks in your living room, perhaps. (9)
12 What the boss does should be good for extra large holdings. (9)
13 No wonder the price of such hosiery is steep! (5)
14 How to treat a way to look at a bat. (4, 2, 3, 3)
19 Modern catch-phrase for what Elliot's wife sought out to do? (12)
22 Drop something alongside the sidewalk in Boston? (5)
24 Found in the factory cafeteria or the garden supplies? (5, 4)
25 In Somali, it's very high. (9)
26 Ethan Macbeth? (5)
27 Prepare one of Barrie's professional men for office. (5, 8)

DOWN:

2 What receivers sometimes do. (6)
3 Set fire to an old city with the essential part of a ritual maker. (9)
4 Where to obtain a certain amount of relish in very unfavorable circumstances. (2, 1, 6)
5 In U. S. railways, the standard is 4 feet, 8½ inches. (5)
6 Nothing on a common carrier is somewhat like a flag. (5)
7 Ante a sort of it with real purpose at heart? The most sickening things might! (8)
8 Simian quality of a sort of French Colonial? (5)
9 How one might charge things to a writer? (7)
15 An exhausted sound with a bird in character? (9)
16 What a probable loser does? (9)
17 Is there anything so gloomy as tying tangled pieces? (7)
18 A dissenting voice in the laundry business? (8)
20 Silver in the house which is paid by some people? (6)
21 Such animal life probably multiplies quickly, too. (5)
23 Like Mr. Weller, always in place. (5)
24 It has a traditional accompaniment with a dried plum. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 962

ACROSS: 1 Tackling dummy; 9 and 1 down House-to-house canvass; 10 Incarnate; 11 Unteach; 12 Organum; 13 Emend; 14 Crosstown; 16 Assuredly; 18 Cloth; 19 Vaccine; 21 Airship; 22 Sartorial; 23 Ingle; 24 Sleight-of-hand. DOWN: 2 Countless; 3 Leeward; 4 Neigh; 5 Dichotomy; 6 Mirages; 7 Yearn; 8 German shepherd; 14 Cudgeling; 15 Omophagia; 17 Rhizome; 18 Cardiff; 20 Ceres; 21 Allot.

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